JOHN BULL

Vol. V. No. 125. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1908. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

No. 056221

For meaning of this number see page iii. of Cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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BANKING

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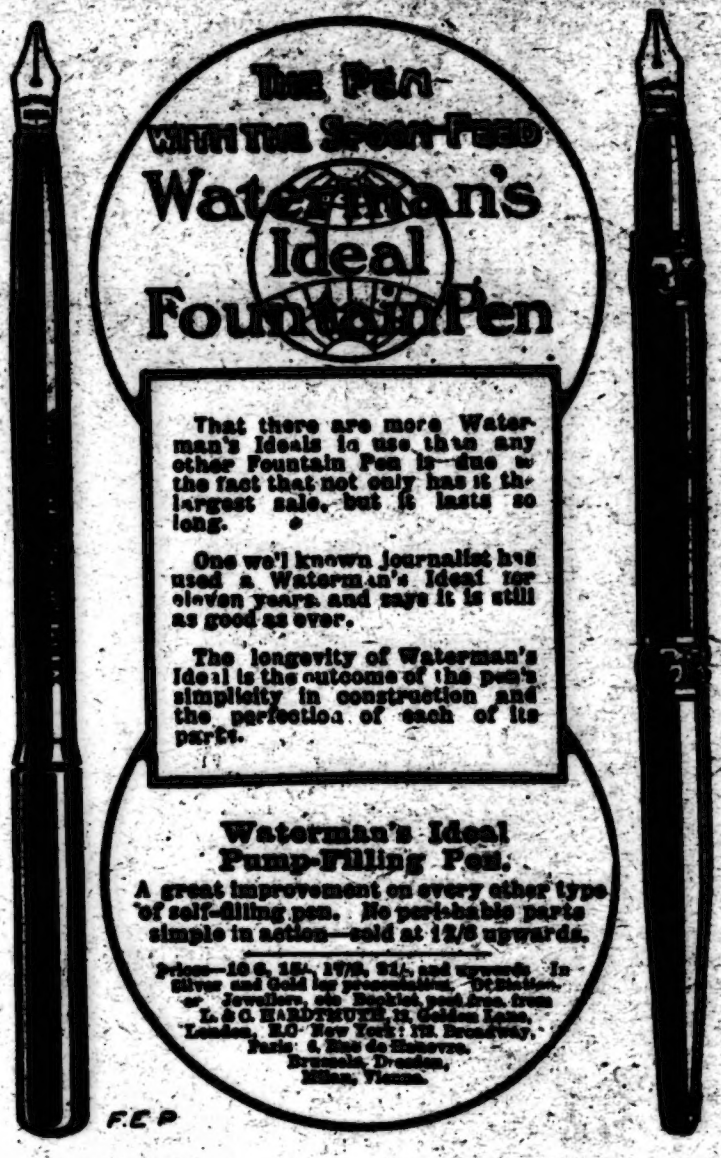
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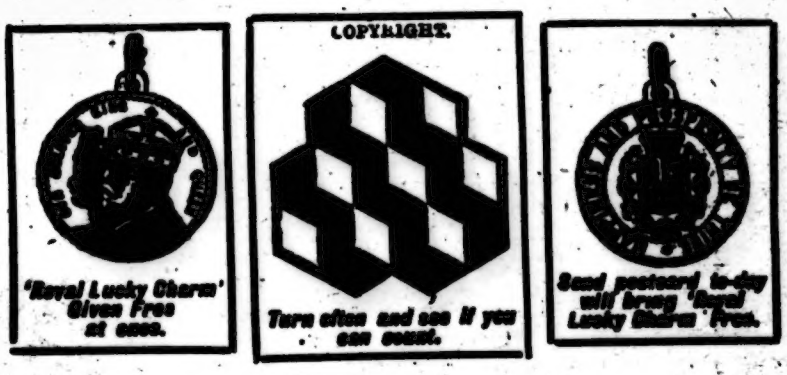
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JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. V. No. 125. Saturday, October 24th, 1908. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwardes. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play with music, entitled THE MERRY WIDOW ("Die Lustige Witwe").

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Lord Knollys has written to a correspondent saying that he has had the honour of submitting JOHN BULL to the King, and that he is commanded to inform our correspondent that there is not one word of truth in our statement that His Majesty sent a message to the vestry at Marienbad, to the effect that the service was six minutes too long. Of course, we have no hesitation in accepting the word of the King, though we happen to know that the message in question was received by the priest. It must have emanated from some officious official. We quite agree with our correspondent that even kings must have fair play—though no one would have dreamed of blaming His Majesty if the message had been actually sent.

With this week's instalment we conclude our series of articles on the infamous conditions of life prevailing at the Agapemone, or Abode of Love. We have endeavoured to unmask the sorry rascal Smyth-Pigott, posing as the "Messiah," and we now call upon the police to haul him before the magistrates for keeping a disorderly house and obtaining money by fraud. This would be better work for the Public Prosecutor than helping the Government to clap *us* into prison for daring to break loose from Party discipline.

Apropos, we are glad to have been instrumental in obtaining some slight amelioration of the fate of the licensed victualler by securing him a seven years' respite from expropriation at the end of the time limit. It isn't much, but in some cases it may mean the difference between penury and absolute starvation. And in these days of the new Political Morality this is something to be thankful for.

We were also interested in eliciting from the Chancellor of the Exchequer the fact that so far as the current financial year has gone, the revenue from what is known as the Alcoholic Group of taxes continues on an increasingly declining scale. In other words, the country is gradually, but surely, becoming sober—without the aid of Parliament. Hence the indecent haste of the Government to rush through the Licensing Bill whilst there is something left in the Trade worth laying hands on.

We observe that the Jam of Nawanagar has had a farewell dinner, so presumably he is quitting our shores. May we venture to suggest, however, that before he leaves us he should make a point of seeing that all accounts which have been incurred for goods supplied during his stay are cleared up? Complaints have reached us that not only is considerable difficulty experienced by persons having claims against his Indian Highness, but that, when they show signs of impatience, they are met with an intimation that, as the Jam is a ruling Prince, he is immune from legal proceedings. This is not creditable to the Native Princes of our Indian Empire, and is not calculated to maintain the old popularity of "Ranji."

Why won't people leave poor Mr. Chamberlain alone? The latest thing is a letter from his private secretary, stating that the right hon. gentleman, "before he was taken ill, had decided to vote against the Government's licensing proposals, of which he entirely disapproves." Inasmuch as these proposals did not see the light of day until about eighteen months after the right hon. gentleman was stricken down, it is obvious that, as upon the subject of his health, the letters emanating from Birmingham should be disregarded. No one regrets more deeply than ourselves the continued absence from the House of Commons of Birmingham's great son. Alas! he will never come back.

Prince Ferdinand's State entry into Sofia was one of the most comical sights ever seen. Glittering with decorations like a Christmas tree, he sat his horse like a sack of wheat, while two officers in cocked hats walked by the side, tightly clutching the bridle close to the horse's mouth. Even a child of three would be content with one guardian at the bridle when learning to ride. It is a pity that the new "Tsar" did not have a few lessons in the riding-school before exposing himself to the ridicule of his subjects. We cannot imagine him leading his armies against the Turkish Empire.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff's career was a constant surprise to all who knew him. He possessed a sort of bonhomie and a large fund of smoking-room stories, but his abilities were of the pettifogging order. Like many other people, he owed his start to Lord Randolph Churchill, and like still more people he did not trouble much about gratitude. For a considerable portion of his life he was strangely eccentric. Indeed, while he was in Persia, he was firmly convinced that he was Archbishop of Canterbury.

By attempting to satisfy everybody, Sir Edward Grey and M. Isvolsky will probably succeed in contenting nobody. Turkey, Servia, and Montenegro will dislike the proposed acquiescence in the coups of Austria and Bulgaria and Crete. As Austria's chief reason for desiring to possess Bosnia and Herzegovina was to be found in the fact that those provinces kept Servia and Montenegro apart, she will hate the idea of the proposed rectification of frontiers, whereby those States will be brought together. Sir Edward Grey talked very big about the impossibility of permitting recent violations of the Berlin Treaty, but now, as usual, when it comes to the time for action, he begins to sing very small and agrees to practically everything which has been done. Like the late Lord Salisbury, Sir Edward Grey might be described as a lath painted to look like iron.

The people of Bournemouth are evidently imbued with a proper respect for their ancestors. A performing monkey recently visited this resort of sick people and pious colonels. According to a local newspaper, "he arrived at Bournemouth by the 12.43 train and at once drove to the Municipal Buildings where the Mayor and Mayoress were in attendance to give him a greeting." We hope the Mayor wore his robes of office, but perhaps his chain might have been alarming to the unfortunate captive. These educated animals usually die of consumption after a short time in this country, and it seems cruel to drag them away from their native wilds.

Mr. William Le Queux has been at it again:—

> "His Majesty the King commands me to say that he will be pleased to give you private audience at six o'clock this evening."
>
> So ran the note handed to me by a royal gendarme of giant stature, who saluted, turned upon his heel, and left the room.
>
> At the head of the wide horse-shoe staircase I was greeted by my friend, Colonel Tcholak-Antich, Royal Marechal, who wore a bright blue uniform with many decorations.
>
> We chatted for a few minutes, then the Marechal led me across the big white and gold ballroom, with its polished floor and huge electroliers, along a richly-carpeted corridor to the audience chamber, the double doors of which—to prevent eavesdroppers—were closed behind me.
>
> In a few moments the long white doors at the other end of the room opened, and there entered a slim, alert figure in a dark blue military uniform—a keen, dark-eyed, grey-moustached man with a pleasant smile and hand outstretched—his Majesty.

Was there ever such a gigantic piece of bluff, so marvellous a masterstroke of leg-pulling, so extravagant a fumisterie? Our readers will scarcely believe, after all these excursions and alarums, trumpets also and shawms, that the "Majesty" in question is none other than our drunken old friend Peter Karageorgevitch, who is wanted for nearly every crime in the calendar!

> His figure and bearing always remind me of Lord Roberts, his general's undress uniform being relieved by one touch of colour, the crimson and white ribbon and white enamelled star of Karageorge.

Poor old Bobs! We never said anything half so cruel about him.

The Postmaster-General will recollect receiving a John Bull postcard a few days ago, respectfully requesting him, next time he made a joke, to label it. By an oversight which we regret, he has omitted to act upon our suggestion. In presiding at the G.P.O. Art Club Exhibition, he informed his audience that next year he proposed to offer a prize for a design of a telegraph pole which would add to the beauty of the landscape and meet the views of the various authorities and individual landowners on whose property the poles are placed. As a result of his offer, some evil-disposed person or persons will assuredly send Mr. Buxton designs for telegraph poles clothed in art needlework, used postage-stamps, climbing roses, or chaste whitewash. We take leave to state, therefore, that this is Joke 2, and friends will kindly accept this (the only) intimation. If the P.M.G. makes another one, the blood will be upon his own head.

One of those beasts who have somehow got mixed up with the human species was charged at Newport the other day with offensively assaulting two young girls while the lights were down at an animated picture entertainment. The girls, moving from the seat where the beast was, informed two young men not far away what had happened. They advised them to return to the place where they had been sitting. The girls did so, and on the beast repeating his conduct, the young men informed a gallery attendant called Pollock, who gave the beast into custody. In fining him £3 or a month for a common assault, the chairman of the magistrates referred in severe terms to the frequency of this kind of case in Newport, and then went on to commend the young men and the gallery attendant for the part they had played in bringing this particular beast to justice. But so far as Pollock is concerned, his conduct has by no means commended itself to the managers or lessees of the hall, and they have discharged him "because he is not competent to do his work and for giving information to the police." This is a monstrous and indefensible thing to do. Naturally, the magistrates "expressed great surprise and indignation." But fine words butter no parsnips, and the fact remains that if Pollock had shut his eyes and held his tongue he would have kept his job. He does his duty and gets the sack.

Many prison parsons, like parsons otherwhere, take but a perfunctory view of their duty to the unfortunates whom they have so many opportunities of influencing for their good. Not so the Rev. J. B. S. Watson, the chaplain of Brixton Prison. A Sunday or two ago, when the prisoners entered church, they had the pleasure of learning that he had asked Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford to sing to them, and that these accomplished artists were there to do so. Thus it was the inmates heard them render such songs as "Abide with me"—and we all know how it goes to the heart when Madame Clara Butt sings it—"The Promise of Life," "Nazareth," "There is a Green Hill," and "The Night Hymn at Sea." We should like to see the terrible monotony of life relieved in all our prisons in some such way as this. Occasional entertainments and concerts, the reward of good behaviour, might also be given to prisoners. It is necessary to punish, but it is not necessary to brutalise and degrade. The aim of our prison system should be to uplift, to make men feel that however bad they may be they are not wholly lost, or wholly forsaken; that still they "may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." And among the human agencies to this end we place our singers. Preaching is but preaching; but that great gift of song, how it melts us all!

His Honour Judge Willis has had an awful shock. When a day or two since a waterman claiming damages for personal injuries explained that he earned thirty shillings a week and but for the accident could have "earned a similar amount by taking people off to the torpedo-boat flotilla then lying in the Thames," His Honour started off on a beautiful apostrophe. "Oh, this blessed land!" he said. "What a thought for the subjects of a peace-loving King! 'Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do.'" At that moment a man struck an attitude of contempt and derision near the witness-box. "Liar," he shouted. For a moment

His Honour could hardly get his breath. "Who is that man?" he demanded presently. "Me," defiantly thundered the wicked one. Then the Judge called on the policeman at the door to show the man the way out. Next time His Honour bethinks him to draw the attention of a litigant to one of the Ten Commandments, he should first of all inquire whether any of his audience chances to have taken wine.

There are three places where marriages are made: one in heaven, one in the registry office, and the other in the police-court. Those made in heaven always turn out well; those made in the registry sometimes do; but those made in the police-court cannot be highly recommended. From Nottingham comes the story that after Mary Ann Cook had retired to rest, she was awakened by her *fiancé*, who broke the window, climbed into her room, announced that he had called to "do her in" with the knife he held in his hand, and then proceeded to make some efforts in that direction. At the court the lady declined to give evidence against him. The magistrates, while convicting him, agreed not to inflict any punishment if he married her within a month. "Prisoner and the girl," says the report, "then left the court arm in arm." Within the period of grace, no doubt, the man will marry the lady by banns or special license rather than do twelve months in gaol, and in the course of a few weeks his wife will probably be hauling him up to court again for sticking her with the same or another knife, or impressing the marks of his undying affection on her head with the poker. However, it is not our business. People *will* fall in love.

We have received an important communication from a gentleman on the subject of ghosts. He writes: "I know what I've *seen*, and I know what I've been told. Told by whom? *By Spirits. They* tell me (I can *hear* them speak) that spirit-photography *is a fact.* The longer you keep up your articles on this subject the better for the spirits—it's just what they want." We are, of course, very happy to oblige them, and we can quite understand that they resent the ridiculous charge of showing themselves in Archdeacon Colley's fakes. If anyone were inclined to go on doubting the existence of ghosts he would certainly be convinced by the argument of our correspondent, who enquires triumphantly: "Why did Shakespeare give us the ghost in Hamlet? Because he had seen one in a hamlet in Warwickshire no doubt or possibly, or probably, or—what you will." What need we further witness?

We hear a good deal about the benefits which Austria has conferred upon Bosnia, but her ideas of liberty are not very generous. We received a pamphlet the other day from Serajevo, and we noticed that the cover had been torn open and stamped with words to the effect that it had been subjected to the Censorship. We can understand Austria or any other grandmotherly country interfering with the importation of printed matter, but what on earth does it matter to them what the Bosnians choose to send away?

The *Daily Chronicle* has been talking a great deal of nonsense about the Duke of Connaught as a possible candidate for the throne of Servia. Of course, he would never dream of accepting it. His son Arthur was talked about at one time, and we sent out several portraits of that Prince, which were circulated all over the country, reproduced on picture postcards. We did this to annoy Peter Karageorgevitch and to please some of his opponents, but we never flattered ourselves that Prince Arthur of Connaught would either desire or be permitted to rule in Belgrade.

Archdeacon Colley has been exhibiting what he calls spirit photographs in church after a sermon. We should like to hear what his Bishop has to say about such false doctrine, heresy, and schism.

We think it is a pity that Queen Alexandra has decided to publish her snapshots, even for the benefit of a charity. As a correspondent remarks, "Queens give of their bounty, out of their private purse, not as tradeswomen." No one will dream of doubting the benevolence of Her Majesty's intentions, but we venture to submit with all possible respect that she will be better employed by continuing in her present career of benevolence and amiability rather than in supplying snobs with indifferent photographs.

It is amusing to note the extravagant intolerance of persons connected with the motor trade. In one of its organs we notice allusions to "the insanitary horse," and a complaint that the noble animal is destructive to cars by "spotting and dulling the varnish." We should not be surprised if the day came when motor-makers tried to pass a law forbidding us to keep horses except in menageries.

We read in an Aberdeen newspaper that the Town Council's visit to the Avon cost £204 9s. 7d., of which £113 6s. 6d. was for the hire of motor-cars. We wonder when someone will propose a holiday for ratepayers.

Apropos the recommendations as to indecent publications, it is common knowledge that the British market for this class of filth is supplied wholly from the Continent, France and Holland being the most notorious centres of manufacture. In Paris, for instance, especially in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, the trade in erotic literature and photographs is driven openly. The books are on view, printed in the plainest of vulgar English, in the shop windows, while the shopkeepers, men and women alike, stand at their doors and coax the passing Briton to inspect the books and photographic albums inside. In this way, thousands of undesirable publications reach this country. It is a pity some general international agreement could not be made to prohibit the exposure and sale in any language, in any European country, of these books and photographs. Certainly until this is done the British market will not be lacking of its supply. At the same time, we think the Committee overstates the case when it speaks of every householder having been inundated with literature of this description.

The following sensational manifesto appeared in the most prominent part of the *Three Shires Adventiser* (Gillingham) in a recent issue:—

RABBIT SNARING AT WYKE.

Notice.

Whereas some person or persons on the evening of Sunday last set a certain wire snare in the hedge bordering the paddocks at Wyke Cottage and thereby did considerable damage to a valuable horse whose foot was caught therein,

This is to give notice that, in future any person attempting to snare rabbits on any portion of that land, will receive a personal castigation at my hands, and (what is left of him) will be haled before the magistrates.

(Signed R. M. Gordon Dill.

We are informed that this truculent person is the occupier of Wyke Cottage, which accounts for his wrath; half-proprietor of the *Three Shires Advertiser*, which explains the prominence accorded to his grievance; and a Barrister-at-Law, which surprises us. What does the learned gentleman expect the magistrates to say to him if he takes the law into his own hands before appealing to the Bench?

Scots humour is notoriously peculiar, but we always fancied it was good-natured. We were, therefore, surprised to read in the account of a football match published by the *Saturday Post* of Dundee that—

> A laughable incident occurred on the line, one of the linesmen being bowled over and lamed so badly that he had to be assisted to the pavilion.

Ha! Ha! Ha! We suppose that if the accident necessitated a surgical operation even the victim has by now seen the joke.

We observe that the Church Army has been advertising for "young men, single, 18 to 30, for free training as Evangelists and Labour Home Fathers, zeal essential." This must really be inquired into. The ordinary young man does not require much training to teach him to become a father, and it would be interesting to know what special methods are advocated by the Church Army. The advertisement is headed "Is THIS A CALL FOR YOU?" We reply, "Certainly not."

A Socialist orator, holding an inaugural meeting at Banbury, delivered himself of the following impassioned utterance: "Contrast the position of the rich and the poor man—Dives feasting, and Lazarus picking up the crumbs beneath the table, while the dogs lick his sores through the holes in his trousers." The lecturer may be a statesman and a philanthropist, but we cannot congratulate him on his local colour.

A correspondent of the *Academy* writes, "as one of the maidens," to say "Thank-you for Lord Alfred Douglas's championship of the great cause of morality and denunciation of light literature." She says that "in a moment of weakness" she "might have succumbed to the temptation of the gaily-coloured outside." But we suppose she might have ceased reading when she encountered the "gaily-coloured" inside. However, she adds that she regrets "most deeply ever having read" another book, "through inadvertence it is true." This reminds us of the old lady who protested against the naked bathing which she could observe through her field glass.

Some weeks ago we ventilated the grievance of a correspondent who was annoyed by the impudence of a fruit-hawker when taking a tender farewell of his family on the Continental train at Charing Cross. After a protracted correspondence with the Superintendent of the Line, he has now been informed that "suitable notice" has been taken of the incident. But he cannot ascertain on what terms itinerant vendors of bananas are admitted to the platforms of the company. He intends to keep his eyes open for a repetition of the offence.

The L. and S. W. Railway is growing penurious in the matter of lighting its carriages. Complaints reach us from travellers who are left in total darkness all through the long Guildford tunnel.

The doctors have at last lighted upon an ingenious idea. It is called "cataphoresis," and the claim that it "should rank with the introduction of chloroform by Simpson and of antiseptics by Lister." After all, it only amounts to a suggestion that we should take our nourishment through the skin instead of through the throat. The object of this is to give our digestive organs a rest. We are not sure that we shall enjoy our meals quite so thoroughly as we do at present when they are rubbed into our chest or legs, and we are quite sure that many people will resent the application of their liquor externally. But if we are ever compelled to take nauseous medicine, we shall be quite happy to rub it in our hair. Three cheers for cataphoresis!

It is impossible to satisfy everybody, and we are not surprised to find that many tradesmen are annoyed by the spread of co-operation. One of them writes to us saying that it is "preached from pulpits, taught in the day schools, and almost forced upon the workers by the trades unions." He considers it a dangerous force, and no doubt it is likely to interfere with the profits of certain parasites. For instance, Mr. Markham, M.P., has established a model colliery village in Yorkshire and prohibited the entrance of private traders there. But after all, if the workers can obtain better and cheaper goods by means of co-operation, we can see no argument, either of logic or of political economy, why anyone should seek to prevent them. If private traders cannot make a sufficient living, they must employ themselves in some other way. The thing we do protest against is "municipal trading," which would create an artificial monopoly.

We have received further correspondence with respect to the grievances of trained teachers. It appears that, though the rates continue to advance, the County Councils display a niggardly spirit towards teachers. Wherever they can do so, they place women in charge of classes without any regard to their qualifications, and the cause of education accordingly suffers. On the other hand, much money is wasted in the payment of unnecessary officials. In one county, for instance, there are thirteen district clerks receiving from £150 to £200, though their work was formerly done and could still be done by the school managers freely and willingly. There are also three county inspectors with £300 each. When we remember that the Government inspectors are supposed to visit each school, it seems to us that these county inspectors are superfluous. Why should two different sets of inspectors be necessary? All grades of teachers are profoundly dissatisfied. They are constantly harassed and they fail to attain the facilities which they require for the advancement of education. After all the long sessions which succeeding Governments have lavished upon education juggles, it is surely scandalous that no better progress has yet been made.

One of the consequences of the modern appetite for horrors is that the scene of any tragedy is immediately thronged by ghoulish sightseers, who not only interfere with the traces of crimes and impede the police, but also afford a disgusting exhibition of callousness. On September 14th a woman was found in one of the slums of Cardiff with a terrible wound at the back of her head, and there were traces of a fierce struggle. The victim was taken away to the workhouse and died on the following morning. Her house was locked up but not guarded, and the consequence was that the crowd burst in and treated themselves to a realistic melodrama of the most horrible kind. Here is the description of a local reporter:—

> The house was swarming with men, women, and children, who were passing in and out of the various rooms at their will. Up and downstairs passed the people, gazing with morbid curiosity at the bed on which the unfortunate victim of the tragedy had lain. There was the mattress, devoid of sheets or blankets or quilt, saturated with the blood of the woman, and there were the bloodstains on the floor, and a bowl of blood and water in the fire-grate, and upon these evidences of crime the continual stream of people gazed without let or hindrance.

This sort of thing does not say much for the good influence of recent "revivals" amongst the Celtic people. There may have been plenty of Blood, but where was the Glory?

Owing to the action of Mr. Frank Smith at the recent meeting of the London County Council it was impossible to proceed with its business, and as a consequence, the usual "minutes" were not taken. This meant that about twenty compositors, besides others, had

to join the ranks of the unemployed last week. Mr. Smith, we know, will regret this as much as anyone, but it is only one instance of what disregard of the rules of order may sometimes lead to.

After Mr. Smith, Mr. Victor Grayson. He has become a sort of resuscitated Dr. Tanner, the surprise packet of an august assembly. In common with Mr. Grayson, we are far from thinking that the Licensing Bill is the most important order of the day. In common with Mr. Grayson, too, we believe that the question of unemployment is one which may be fairly described as a matter of urgency. In common with Mr. Grayson likewise, we are of opinion that a great deal of what is called procedure in the House is "permeated with an atmosphere of childish theatricality." But all this said, it is clear that the House must be bound by its own rules until they are altered; that the Speaker, always fair, kindly, courteous, and helpful, is the deliberately chosen instrument for the enforcement of those rules, and the final authority for their interpretation; that when the first order of the day is the Licensing Bill, or any other Bill, it would introduce anarchy and not order into the discussion of public affairs if every member claimed the liberty of sweeping it aside to discuss some other subject—however urgent.

Mr. Grayson is not the first, nor will he be the last, stormy petrel to beat his wings angrily and vainly in the House of Commons. He is not the only member who feels, and feels keenly, how deep, how vital, how widespread, how urgent this question of unemployment really is. But Mr. Grayson must originate discussion upon it in a regular way. After all, Parliament, with all its faults, is a very useful and important institution. Much can be got out of it, if you know the way to go about it—nothing can be got out of it, if you don't.

Once again Mr. Justice Grantham is novel. He says that owing to the evidence of doctors, who are liable to be wrong, many murderers who should be hanged are sent to enjoy the luxuries of a lunatic asylum. He therefore suggests two trials in cases of murder; one to prove the facts and the other to prove the prisoner's state of mind. But, as usual, there is one little thing his lordship forgets. Whether they were right or wrong, the only people who would be competent to give evidence as to the prisoner's state of mind would be "medical experts," and then all would depend on which side their services were retained.

Here is another interesting little thing in which the figure 9 plays a prominent part. Ask a friend which figure he writes worst, and then multiply whatever figure he mentions by 9, and, with the result, tell him to multiply the following figures: 12345679. Thus, assuming your friend to say that the figure 2 is the one he writes worst, let him multiply 12345679 by 18, and you will get the following result:—12345679×18=222222222. Suppose your friend gives you 3 as his worst figure. In that case you tell him to multiply 12345679 by 27, and you get 333333333 as the result.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Our Weekly Ballot Scheme for 50 Helpers at One Guinea Each.

For full particulars of the meaning of the number on page i. of our cover, **see page iii. of cover.**

OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS-BOX SCHEME.

For full particulars of this scheme, **see page iii. of cover.**

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For saying "We only want to talk to Mr. Asquith face to face as man to man,"
MRS. PETHICK LAWRENCE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the Queen of Spain "has gone about with her mothers and brothers as in earlier years,"
THE CHURCH FAMILY NEWSPAPER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising for "a respectable young lady, aged about EIGHTY-SEVEN, *to learn confectionery business,"*
MESSRS. E. & L. SMITH, OF CROYDON
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For placing "Pull" on each side of the swing-door of their lavatory,"
THE MANAGERS OF THE HOTEL METROPOLE, BRIGHTON,
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

*For asserting that Ypsilanti "*LIVED TWICE *to win the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park,"*
"HOTSPUR," OF *THE DAILY TELEGRAPH*,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For addressing a letter, "Mrs. E. Thompson, Esq.,"
THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For shouting to a London crowd, "Good-bye, and God bless you until I come back,"
MR. HARRY LAUDER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing the marriage of John Goddard and Henry Walsham,
THE ST. CLEMENT'S (FULHAM) PARISH MAGAZINE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating to a reporter, "I have won everything that it is possible for me to win, AND MORE,"
LORD ROSSLYN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following passage at the end of a report of an inquest: "The jury retired for a quarter of an hour, and then returned a verdict of 'Accidental death.' Hearty cheers for the Council, the officials, the teachers, and for Mr. Burrows brought another successful meeting to a close,"
THE BATTERSEA BOROUGH NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that "there are scurrilous journalistic rags about that should only be FINGERED *by decent people* WITH THE TONGS,"
SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving "Services at Congregational Church" under the heading "List of Auction Sales,"
THE ISLE OF THANET GAZETTE AND EAST KENT ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, at the Cambridge Hippodrome, "night after night the building is packed TWICE AS FULL AS IT CAN HOLD,"
THE CAMBRIDGE EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving notice that "the work of repaving Jewin Street will be commenced on the 3rd ULTO.,"
THE CORPORATION OF LONDON
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the fur-lined CATS *are just glorious this season,"*
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

WHITTAKER *v.* WHITTAKER.

FINANCIAL JOURNALIST *v.* TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

The Right Hon. Sir Thomas Whittaker, M.P.—what titles these "Temperance Reformers" do get, to be sure!—says it is entirely the brewers' and licensed victuallers' own fault if they have not made provision against the contingency of their licences being taken away; whilst as to the "purblind public" who have invested in the licensing trade, no sympathy is due to them because, at any rate since the spring of 1891, when the famous Sharpe *v.* Wakefield judgment was given by the House of Lords, they have known, or should have known, that licensed property was not, in the strict sense, property at all, and that they were embarking their money in a highly precarious and dangerous class of security.

Now it happens that Sir Thomas Whittaker was, in the year 1891, the responsible editor of a fugitive financial journal known as the *Daily Oracle*. It was owned and run by the notorious Barker's Bank people, one of whose chief assets was a London public-house revelling in the ambiguous name of "Dirty Dick's." The *Daily Oracle*, like every other financial paper, was called upon to give financial advice to its readers, and although we do not suggest that the whole or any portion of the opinions we are about to quote emanated directly from Sir Thomas's pen, we cannot exonerate him from responsibility for them, appearing and recurring as they did from day to day in the organ of which he was the acting and active editor. Our readers will search in vain for any note of warning as the result of the "Sharpe *v.* Wakefield" decision.

June 20th, 1891.—Guinness Brewery Shares.—You have a good investment. We advise you to stick to it.

June 24th, 1891.—Bodega Shares.—*These shares look rather good*, and we fancy they will improve on the meeting.

June 27th, 1891.—Bodega Shares.—We *think them a good purchase at their present price*. The Company is slowly but steadily righting itself.

July 2nd, 1891.—Bodega Shares.—At the present price *they are, in our opinion, cheap*.

September 30th, 1891.—Brewery Shares.—*We think at the present quotations these shares are below their value, and we advise you to hold*.

October 16th, 1891.—Spiers and Pond.—These shares are in great request, and from the nature of the dealing we think that the price will go better.

October 15th, 1891.—*There is not the slightest ground for anxiety*. The Company is dong a very good business.

October 30th, 1891.—Gordon Hotels.—We spoke of these shares a few days ago *as a very good purchase*, and we believe we are on the eve of a good rise.

November 14th, 1891.—Bodega.—*We think them an improving investment*.

January 30th, 1892.—English Breweries (Investment).—We think the Manchester Brewery, Bristol Brewery, Northampton Brewery, and Newcastle Brewery *are all sound concerns*. Of course, investments of this nature *should show a good return*.

March 23rd, 1892.—Gordon Hotels.—A very fair investment. The Company is earning substantial dividends.

March 24th, 1892.—Bodega Shares.—We advise you to hold. From what we hear, the position of the Company is steadily improving.

April 22nd, 1892.—Brewery Shares.—*We should hold these shares. They represent a very sound property*.

June 7th, 1892.—Bodega Shares.—These shares are steadily appreciating in value. (July 2nd.) *They represent an excellent investment*.

June 23rd, 1892.—Spiers and Pond.—The policy of expansion may be arguable, *but the security seems ample*.

August 3rd, 1892.—Allsopp's "Small Beer." There is such a thing as riding for a fall, and not a few people seriously believe that the present aim and object of the Allsopp enterprise is early liquidation, in order that the Burton kings *may enjoy their own again*.

Whilst, however, we have given Sir Thomas the full benefit of any doubt, if indeed any doubt there can be, for personal cognisance of the financial advice contained in his journal, he will surely not expect us to acquit him of absolute and complete responsibility for the following editorial criticism of the merits of a new Brewery Company. Let us preface our extract by a reminder that if there be one feature of the Licensing Trade which more than any other has aroused the wrath and indignation of Sir Thomas, it is what he has always described as the immoral and iniquitous Tied House System. And now for the extract:—

November 20th, 1891.—A Cambridge Brewery Co.—The shares of the Star Brewery Co., Cambridge, the brewery business of which has been established for half a century, and enjoys a high reputation in Cambridge and adjoining districts, are about to be offered to the public. We understand that the directors consist entirely of practical brewers, *and that three-fourths of the trade is tied*. None of the businesses are under management. Mr. Armstrong, the late proprietor, will act as managing director for five years, upon terms which will make his remuneration dependent upon profits.

Were we wrong when in the House of Commons we attributed Sir Thomas's change of opinion to the fact that "Temperance Reform" has become with him something in the nature of an obsession—or, at any rate, contrasting his present titles and his position as head of a wealthy temperance insurance institution to-day with his relatively humble, but not less honourable, occupation of 1891, did not we select the more generous of the only two possible explanations of his remarkable change of view?

THE GARDEN CITY AND DRINK.

In the course of the debate on the Local Option provisions of the Licensing Bill, Mr. Bottomley read a letter he had received from a Hitchin resident, to the effect that secret drinking prevails to a large extent amongst the residents in the Letchworth Garden City, and also suggesting that many of them, owing to lack of local facilities, are in the habit of making a weekly pilgrimage on Saturday afternoons to Hitchin and Baldock, three miles away, where they sit in the public-houses till the last train back, with the result that this train has come to be known as "the drunkard's train," owing to the general condition of the passengers travelling by it.

We shall be only too pleased to give both sides of the question, and accordingly we append a synopsis of two letters which have so far reached us:—

F. B., writing from Dalston, says:—

Business took me the latter part of last week to a village just outside Letchworth, where I had to alight. Not being a teetotaler, I asked a local if there was a public-house in the village, and was told there was a house which had the appearance of one, and was called "The Skittles Inn," but only non-intoxicants were sold; if I required beer or spirits I should have to walk on to Norton. I there found a pub. run by the Public House Trust Co., of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is President. I found there was no difficulty in getting as much liquor as required, and was surprised to find such a commodious interior. I enquired of the manager where he got his customers from to fill such a large place. He informed me he was crammed of an evening by the people walking from the Garden City. Asking him how the inhabitants obtained their beer, he informed me it was sent in large quantities from orders taken by brewers' travellers. What I have stated in this letter can be verified by anyone making a call at the clergyman's "P.H." at Norton and having a chat with the manager.

"Citizen" (Letchworth) writes:—

You are absolutely wrong on the beer question at Garden City. Of course, people that drink have a certain amount in, but "three or four 36-gallon casks"—bosh! And how is it kept very quiet? Everybody can see it delivered. As for your "weekly pilgrimage" to Hitchin, a good many people go because they say (?) they get their goods cheaper there. When the Garden City was first started, we had a lot of the London unemployed here, also a lot of labourers making roads, etc., and the train got the name of "drunkards' train," with reason. I suppose the name still sticks to it, but I have seen very little drunkenness whenever I have travelled by it.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE "ABODE OF (FREE) LOVE."

By F.E.F.

IV.—PIGOTT'S SWINDLING METHODS.

Although, as we have already shown, Smyth-Pigott is a past-master in the art of blasphemy and his dealings with the fair sex, yet it is in his cash-raising methods he really shines the brightest. Let us consider them for a few moments. Some men are said to be born to greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them, but in the case of the "Messiah" it would certainly appear to be true that he has missed his proper sphere in life, and should either have been a vendor of patent medicines or the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Latterly the whole of Pigott's life has been devoted to the noble art of how to live without working, and he has succeeded so admirably in this particular line of business that for several years he has never done a stroke of honest labour, and yet he has lived on the fat of the land. It is the purpose of this article to see how he has accomplished this.

Smyth-Pigott and Co., Unlimited.

To understand aright the position of affairs at the Agapemone, it is well to regard Smyth-Pigott and his male satellites as forming a kind of syndicate to extract cash from confiding females with more money than brains. His methods are surprisingly simple. Perhaps they cannot be better illustrated than by quoting an extract from one of his so-called "revelations," delivered to the inmates of the "Abode" during the latter part of last year. Hear the wisdom of the ex-curate:—"What have we to do with money in here? The love of money is surely the root of all evil. Therefore hand it over into my keeping; I will be thy steward." Having parted with their money, they are veritable paupers, and whatever they may require—be it a new dress or any article of apparel—they must humbly go to Douglas Hamilton, *alias* "John the Baptist," the "Messiah's" steward, and he will grudgingly dole out a few shillings for the purpose of obtaining a little finery.

Pampering the Flesh.

Those who know anything of the Agapemone at Spaxton are well aware of the fact that the expenses of its upkeep are enormous. To begin with, there are at the present time over one hundred inmates, exclusive of some twenty domestics. They live on the best of everything. Let not the simple reader think that there is any crucifying of the flesh at Spaxton. Perish the thought! Go amongst the tradesmen at Bridgwater, the nearest town, and ask them who their best customer is. With heart and voice they will respond, "Smyth-Pigott," and add, "and he always pays cash." Indeed, this buying of the necessaries of life—and the luxuries too—in the town of Bridgwater has not been one of the "Messiah's" least happy strokes of policy. His Forerunner, Brother Prince, could not stir beyond the walls of the "Abode" without encountering a shower of brickbats, and thought himself happy if a dead cat or an egg on the high road to become a chicken did not come hurtling past his devoted head, while two or more bloodhounds were in constant attendance on the Forerunner's carriage. And why? Because the simple man had all his goods direct from London, and had not the sense to deal locally.

Spreading the Snare.

It is the primary object of Pigott and Co. to entice into their net women well dowered with this world's goods. Those who are religious and poor they leave severely alone; those who are religious *and* rich they welcome with open arms. The victim may be no longer young, she may have lost the freshness of early youth, she may indeed be extremely ugly, but all will be forgiven her if she be well covered with yellow gold. "Money! money! money!"—this is ever the cry.

There are about in the world a large number of females possessed of property, but who have few relatives, or in other cases have cut themselves off from their connections, and are therefore practically alone in the world. In many instances these characters are of a religious turn of mind, easily susceptible to what may be termed ecclesiastical influence. When you add to this that they feel a loneliness in their hearts and a longing for something to come into their lives to transform them—in reality a simple desire for someone to love them—it is easy to see how eminently suitable they are (from Pigott's point of view) to be operated on by his specious methods.

Ecclesiastical Blarney.

Pigott possesses to a remarkable degree the power of arousing physical emotion in the opposite sex, and he finds this invaluable in preparing the way for stripping his victims of all they possess. With honeyed words, soft as the touch of a blind man's fingers, he depicts to them the joys of the life led by the inmates of the "Abode," and tells them that the holiest and sweetest and best thing in this poor sordid world is to be loved. "Come into the 'Abode,'" he cries, and adds beneath his breath, "and bring your cash with you."

The Sacrificing Steward.

To use a vulgar expression, there are no flies on the "Messiah." He does not intend to do any of the "refunding" business, for the very mention of the word makes him turn cold all over. He knows a lot about grabbing, but nothing about refunding, and as he unctuously says, "Although it is a burden to me, yet I will steward thy money, counting myself happy that I am able to relieve you of that which is a heavy load," a sentiment which is received with a volley of pious "Amens" from his female dupes who have not so much cash upon them as would buy a packet of hairpins. Great is the power of the ex-sailor! Once he was pulling ropes and hauling tackle; now he is "rigging the thimble" on a gigantic scale! One member of the Spaxtonian Syndicate has learned something of the law, Brother Read having been bred a lawyer; and his advice in money matters is invaluable. His hand prepares the deed which makes over money and other property from the victim to Pigott, and we may be sure it is all in order, and would stand the scrutiny of a court of law. Through the medium of this good friend Pigott knows to a nicety how near to the wind he can sail and yet not capsize, for although he takes the cash, down to the uttermost farthing, yet the transaction is as legal as black and white—and a rascal's cunning—can make it.

There is not a shadow of a doubt that Pigott and his accomplices have accumulated vast sums in this unholy traffic. Each of them has his own separate banking account, and no doubt when the crash comes, as come it will do some day, they will quietly "withdraw"—Pigott is an adept in this sort of work—and will settle down in some remote and quiet place until the storm be over.

Pigott's Latest Moves.

Pigott's latest move is a clever one—perhaps as adroit as any he has accomplished. He and the other members of the Agapemone Syndicate, *Un*-Limited, are genuinely frightened by the publicity recent events has brought them, and especially by the revelations of John Bull. Something had to be done to mitigate the effect produced. hence the gracious "revelation" given forth by Pigott that marriage is not and never has been forbidden among the inmates of the "Abode." The next step was to push forward into the limelight John V. Read, the youthful son of "The Beloved," *alias* the "Private Secretary," and compel him to enter into the bonds of matrimony with a Miss Link, one of the domestics of the "Abode." The wedding took place at Bridgwater Workhouse a few days ago, but it is significant that both bride and bridegroom are still dwelling in the place where "there is no such thing as marriage; we are all one in the spirit." So says Pigott.

A Message to Clapton.

The next step was to give the cue to the faithful remnant at Clapton, where Pigott draws his reserves from.

Since his flight to Spaxton, the church at Clapton has been rarely used. But every Sunday evening a meeting—confined strictly to members of the sect—is held in a large room underneath the church, where, privacy is assured. A recent meeting, however, took place in the morning—a sure indication that the occasion was a special one. A bearded man of solemn mien took up his stand behind a tree near the great iron gates. It was his duty to scrutinise the arrivals, and being satisfied that they belonged to the band, to admit them. It had been intimated to the 'faithful' by letter during the week that someone from the Agapemone would attend to deliver an important message from their leader. So there was a good rally, fully a hundred people obeying the summons, the major portion of them being women. Smyth-Pigott had sent a lady as his messenger. She came to remind the flock that "while the flesh was not in harmony with the spirit," marriage had been denied them. But their 'Beloved' had wrought a great work; he 'had redeemed his people.' No longer did the flesh war against the spirit. Marriage could now be considered an honourable estate."

SHOULD WE BEAT GERMANY?—III.

By One Who Has Served Under Both Flags.

The German Commissariat.

To take the second point of difference which struck me so forcibly at first sight, the matter of food.

No doubt on the march the German soldier was not as well off in this respect as he was while in camp; but even when on the march his daily ration was a revelation to me. No bully beef and Army biscuit here. A sort of "Maconochie" ration—everyone who served in the Boer war will understand the term, but for the sake of the many who did not have the chance to do so, I will explain that it consists of stewed meat with vegetables and gravy all in the one tin—only of a far better quality than any "Maconochie" I ever was lucky enough to get hold of. Rice, flour, sugar, coffee, jam, tobacco, beans, or macaroni, with a tot of brandy, was the daily fare, and in quantity sufficient to satisfy the most ravenous I should have thought, I can only say that I used to get enough as one day's ration to last me fully three days. Even on the march the authorities were generally thoughtful enough to provide us with live oxen to drive with us so that we might not want for fresh meat. As to the time we spent in camp, that is to say, in any permanent camp, the soldier fared luxuriously—there is no other word for it. The very finest brands of tinned French vegetables, even such items as vinegar, pepper, and mustard were not forgotten, tinned potatoes, when fresh were not forthcoming, onions, candles, matches, soap, all came from the quartermaster's store as the soldier's daily ration, and every man was allowed a bottle of brandy or wine per week. Never did I see such profusion or such variety during the Boer War, and it is quite possible that this very profusion had something to do with the lethargy which characterised all ranks when any duty was to be done.

The Clothing Question.

As to the third point, the clothing question. I have said that the quantity of the clothing provided for the men surprised me, and so to some degree did the quality, or, rather, perhaps, I should say, the suitability of the clothing chosen. If the British soldier had been obliged to carry at least two changes of uniform with him wherever he went except, of course, actually into the firing line, how enormously our transport difficulties would have been increased; and yet this is what the German had to do. But, on the other hand, though I have no word to say against the quality of the material of which the clothes were made, I wonder what sort of language the British soldier would have used if he had been compelled to march in thick corduroys and top boots—and this, be it remembered, in a country which is far hotter than Natal ever was or could be. I did pity some of the poor fellows staggering along in clothes which would have been quite warm enough for a German winter, but which in a temperature of 120 deg. in the shade could have been little less than unbearable.

German Fear of Responsibility.

There are also various comparisons which obtruded themselves on my notice after I had been serving for some time with the German forces, and I think perhaps the chief of these was the general disinclination on the part of anyone to take upon himself any sort of responsibility. Every question of any moment, and most of no moment whatever, had first to be referred to headquarters before anything could be decided. Individual responsibility was discouraged to the utmost extent. There was no such thing as a column acting independently as circumstances might arise. Column commanders had their movements mapped out for them quite minutely from the outset, and no matter what occurred later, it seemed to me that they were either afraid, or perhaps that service regulations denied them the right to deviate from the instructions they had received by one hairsbreadth, without first seeking and obtaining permission to do so from headquarters. I have often wondered what would have been the result in the Boer war had our junior commanders been bound down by similar restrictions. Of course, owing to the extent of the country over which we were operating, it would have been almost impossible to carry on war at all under such conditions, but surely here, our system of encouraging individual enterprise and giving the junior commander the right to act more or less as he thinks best under constantly varying conditions, has far more to commend it than the system the Germans adopted. Then, too, perhaps for this very reason that they were beset on all hands by restrictions and regulations, I only met one German officer, and he had been a military attaché during the Boer war, who had the very least idea of the value of keeping the enemy on the run when once one got them moving. Curiously enough, also, he was the only German officer I ever saw who actually led his men. He did, indeed, lead them, and if he had a running enemy in front of him one need be in good fettle and a quick mover, too, to keep up with him. The majority of the German officers who served in South-West Africa were quite content to drive their enemy out of a position, and then sit down and make that position perfectly secure before moving on to the next, heedless of the fact that meanwhile the enemy were likewise making themselves secure on the next ridge of hills.

German Dilatoriness.

It is difficult to believe, after all one has read of the German Army's efficiency, and after one sees the keenness displayed day after day by the German in business, that this dilatoriness should exist. In theory it may not, but in practice it most undoubtedly does. Time after time I have reported the presence of a body of Hottentots in such or such a locality, and time after time I have been told to hold myself in readiness to guide a column to the spot on a given date, perhaps three, but never less than two months afterwards. They seemed to be quite unable to seize an opportunity, or to organize anything in the nature of a flying column. In the technical branches of the service they were far in advance of the British Army as it was in South Africa. That is to say, wireless telegraphy, by means of a captive balloon, in heliography and lamp signalling, and their mountain batteries of artillery were most complete and excellently served; but as a fighting machine as a whole, I do not believe that England would have anything to fear from the German Army on their showing in South-West Africa. Certainly the country over which they were operating presented no mean natural obstacles, though none which dash and enterprise could not have overcome; but the fact remains that, difficulties or no difficulties, they kept an army of 20,000 men, roughly speaking, in the field for over two years to fight Marengo and the brothers Johannes and Jacobus Christian, for Witbooi had never continued the struggle to any extent after his primary surrender; in fact, he himself was killed soon after the war broke out the second time.

The German Failure.

These three, Marengo and the two Christians, have never, I am confident, commanded 600 men between them, and yet with their overwhelming force and with their modern artillery and other appliances, the Germans never succeeded in dealing the Hottentots one real blow. Had Marengo not violated the neutrality of Cape Colony, by doing which he brought himself into conflict with the Cape Mounted Police, and was killed in the fight which ensued, I have grave doubts as to whether Germany would have even the measure of peace in her colony which she now enjoys. Perhaps the point hardly comes under the category of a comparison between the two wars, but it is scarcely to be wondered at that Germany has found it difficult to tranquillise the country. I could give numberless instances, but the one chief instance will be sufficient for my purpose. Natives have proverbially long memories for injuries, but short ones for benefits, and I venture to say that no native of that country will ever forget Shark's Island. This is a small rocky islet of perhaps four or five acres in extent, lying in the mouth of the harbour at Angra Pequena. It is destitute of herbage of any kind, and for about three days in the week is totally enshrouded in the sea mist. This islet the Germans have used as a depôt for prisoners of war, that is to say, for those natives who, yielding to German proclamations and promises, surrendered themselves and their families and handed over their arms. There have been as many as 1,200 persons, men, women, and children, on this islet at one time, though when I saw it last there were only some 700. They were being added to week by week, but the numbers were not likely to increase very rapidly, as at the time of my last visit to the port the deaths among the poor wretches confined there were averaging 60 per diem.

JOHN BULL FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A correspondent has called our attention to an article in the *John Bull* of fifty years ago, written by Mr. Tom Collins, son of the Vicar of Knaresborough, and now that the Licensing Bill is the burning question of the moment, the following extracts may be of interest to our readers. They might have been spoken by the Rev. Tom Collins—the "coster's parson"—of to-day :—

> It is not easy to conceive a political question more important from a moral and financial point of view than how our revenue from alcoholic liquors ought to be raised. If we all become temperance gentry or total abstinence worthies, in the next twelve months there would at once be a loss of revenue of more than twenty millions!—a fearful hiatus which would swallow an additional income-tax of 2s. in the pound, or 10 per cent. on our present income. But all the public-houses would be shut up, and all their owners ruined or insolvent; all brewers, distillers, and wine merchants would be in the "Gazette." Such are the objects sought to be morally attained by the teetotal movement. Yet these twenty millions are now paid without a grumble; such is the intense and uncontrollable desire for alcohol in some shape diffused through all classes of the people. . . . Can it be God's intention that the never-failing bounty of nature, which in temperate climes arises of its own accord in every saccharine liquor, should be altogether abstained from, or only used by the sick and infirm? . . . Wine which maketh glad the heart of man has the sanction not only of our sacred writers, but of Him who knew what was in man and who suffered as poor men suffer. . . . Alas, is there not some error among our moralists and statesmen on this most important question? Do they feel for the poor as our great Exemplar did, when they so purposely support teetotal societies? May not drunkenness to some extent be attributed to the humanly created madness of an artificially restrained desire—the thirsty madness of poor men driven into a legal and artificial desert? Restrain men artificially from the most wholesome food, and we know what will follow. The hungry wretch will kill himself with the most wholesome food. Are we in truth moralists or Pharisees on this subject? . . . Whatever opinion may be formed, *let us not forget that each of us temperate men saves largely in taxes by our laws against or for our fellow-countrymen. We wonder do these teetotal gentlemen give back to the poor the money they save? If they do not, then without question they are double-dyed Pharisees and hypocrites. For if they are right they have in their pockets much of the money saved in taxes by the wretched vice they affect to condemn.*

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—XXIV.

We have received the following appeal which we commend to the sympathetic consideration of any of our readers who may be able to assist the unfortunate man :—

> I hope and trust I am not taking too great a liberty in writing to you in this extraordinary manner. But hearing that you take an interest in anyone afflicted, I thought you might be a friend to me. I am a cripple, and have been for the past five years, through rheumatic fever, both my legs being affected, which unfortunately prevents me from obtaining daily employment. Until I lost the proper use of my legs I was in a good situation. I have a wife and four children. My character will bear strict investigation. I beg to state that I can get about a bit with the aid of a walking sick. The capacity I am most suited for is something in the desk. Sir, may I venture to hope that you will assist me in getting employment, in such a capacity as you may think suited to one so afflicted, for the sake of my wife and dear children, as well as for my own sake.

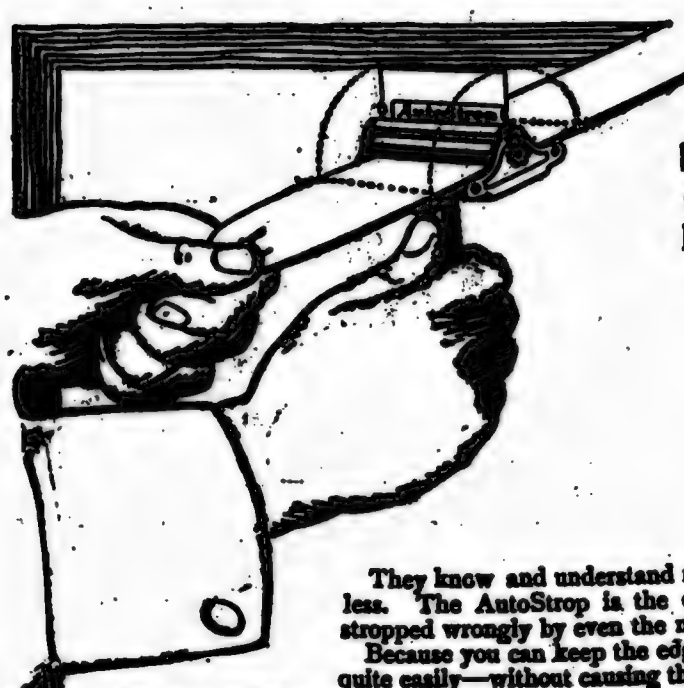
We have verified the statement.

THE GENTLE ART.

[Fishing for votes is more likely to be effective than fighting for them.]

Nay, keep the peace, ye ladies fair,
And *dont* give way to wrangling;
You've proved your prowess in the Square—
Suppose you now tri-angling.

W. B.



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Because you can keep the edge always in perfect condition, the AutoStrop will shave the toughest beard quite easily—without causing the least irritation—without roughening the skin—without pulling or injuring the roots as dull razors do.

Each AutoStrop blade is made of specially tested lancet-steel, and each one is good for several months' comfortable shaving. You have none of the constant and risky handling of blades necessary with other safety razors—you do not take the AutoStrop Safety Razor apart for either stropping or cleaning.

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THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

By a Labour Man.

The Unemployed Workmen's Bill which the Labour Party submitted to Parliament a few months ago is now being vigorously advocated in the country, and is to be one of the main measures of this Party in the future. This is quite natural. The Labour Party ought to know something about the unemployed problem, and will be well advised to concentrate all their energies upon it.

The Labour Party's Proposals.

But what is it that the Labour Party propose? They propose the constitution of a Central Unemployment Committee, Unemployment Commissioners, Local Unemployment Authorities (these to be the present municipal councils), and Local Unemployment Committees. Then a census is to be taken of the unemployed—they are to be registered and classified. When all available information concerning the unemployed has been gathered by the Local Committee it must be reported to the Local Unemployment Authority. "Where a workman has registered himself as unemployed it shall be the duty of the local unemployment authority to provide work for him. . . . or, failing the provision of work, to provide maintenance. . . . ." The work provided must be congenial—"suitable to the individual applicant," the Bill stipulates—and it must be "upon conditions not lower than those that are standard to the work in the locality." The committees "must pay a living wage." After the local authorities have, through the reports of the district committees, become aware of all the conditions and circumstances of all the unemployed—after all the elaborate registration and classification—and after they (the authorities) have managed to decide what kind of work is "suitable" to each "individual applicant," and have got all their schemes cut and dried, these schemes must be considered by the Unemployment Commissioners, who will, in turn, report to the Central Committee, who will also consider the various schemes proposed, make further inquiries through the Commissioners, suggest amendments and modifications advise the local authorities, who will advise the district committees, who will be supervised by the Commissioners, and so on, *ad infinitum!*

A Mistaken Assumption.

Space considerations prevent a detailed examination of all the complicated, cumbersome, and costly machinery projected by this Bill. I must content myself with a brief analysis of its main features, and a forecast of its probable effects, if enacted in its present form. In the first place it is necessary to point out that the Bill is founded on an absolutely mistaken assumption. The sponsors of the Bill say, "Let us organise the unemployed," "take a census of them," "register and classify them." Here is the old fallacy about the unemployed—the fallacy that the unemployed army is a fixed and regular quantity, always composed of the same men—that those who are out of work to-day are in all cases the same men who will be idle to-morrow, next week, next month, and next year. The gentlemen who have drafted this Bill may claim to be Labour *representatives*, but they cannot possibly be practical Labour *men*. Their knowledge of the *bona-fide* working-man must be meagre, or they would be aware that the man who is out of employment to-day may possibly have found work by to-morrow; that what is really needed is temporary and immediate relief to keep a man from starvation until he succeeds in getting a job, just as he needs "sick pay" when ill; yet the promoters of this Bill declare that "temporary relief is worse than useless."

How the Scheme Would Work.

See how this scheme would work out. Suppose a thousand men in a certain district registered themselves as unemployed to-day, how many of those men, if *bona-fide* workers, would be still unemployed after their cases had been considered and re-considered by all the committees, authorities, commissioners, and officials proposed in this Bill? Half the men would be dead before the various authorities had decided among themselves what schemes of relief work should be put in operation. Take the case of Sheffield, for example. Armour-plate workers might be slack and cutlers busy. The former would constitute the bulk of the applicants, if they could be induced to apply for relief, which is questionable. As "work suitable to the individual applicant" must be provided, the local authorities would be obliged to formulate a suitable scheme. This would take considerable time, and, when decided upon, if ever it was decided upon, would have to be submitted to the Central Committee for approval. By the time everything was in order, the armour-plate workers might be fully employed, and probably cutlers would be in need of relief. Then another scheme would be necessary, and by the time this could be hatched the cutlers would have found employment.

This Bill would bring into existence a costly staff of officials who, owing to the elaborate nature of the machinery suggested, would seldom be able to find work for any applicant within reasonable time; and it would impose upon municipal councils duties they could not perform. The scheme is unworkable; but assume that it could be be worked, that the Bill is allowed to pass, and that employment "suitable to the individual applicant," at "standard wages," is provided what are likely to be the results?

A Premium on Non-Unionism.

In the first place, let us view the matter from a purely trade-union standpoint, leaving the general public out of the reckoning. This Bill proposes to put a premium on non-unionism, just as it does on indolence. Under this measure, administered as the Labour Party desires, all the non-union men in the country might have congenial work and trade union wages provided for them at the public expense. Now, suppose we admit that the trade-unionist is entitled to trade union wages and conditions, when he can get them in the ordinary labour market, by the ordinary methods, what right have we to give union wages and conditions to non-union men out of rates and taxes wrung from the public, including the thrifty trade-unionists engaged in *bona-fide* industry? This Bill proposes, in plain language, that the non-unionist who may, perchance, be a duffer, a drunkard or thriftless fellow—the non-unionist who makes no effort to get union conditions in private employment—is to be provided with union wages in public relief work. What incentive would there be for any man to be a trade-unionist, or to make any effort to improve the conditions of industry?

A Pauperising Scheme.

Now look at the matter from the point of view of the most deserving unemployed—the self-respecting workman seeking employment. This man would absolutely refuse to have anything to do with such a scheme as is proposed, unless he was on the verge of despair. The prying, and quizzing, and cross-questioning necessary for the registration and classification of applicants would be more than sufficient to make the best of our workers boycott the scheme. Rather than appear before a committee of strangers and answer a hundred and one questions, after which he may possibly be exiled to a farm colony or afforestation undertaking many miles from his home, he will pawn his clothing, sell his furniture, and deprive himself of food until he can find employment on his own account—he will suffer in silence and secrecy. This scheme is a pauperising scheme. A man who accepted work under it would lose caste; therefore, few except those lacking in dignity would embrace its benefits. The men to benefit by this measure would be those of whom distress committees have knowledge at the present time—those who are always running after relieving officers and clergymen—those who, with few exceptions, are nothing less than libels on the genuine workers.

A Self-Destructive Remedy.

Besides, this scheme would bring about its own destruction. The first effect of the measure, as already mentioned, would be the provision of congenial work at high wages for the least deserving of our workers (and loafers)—the men who do nothing to improve the conditions of industry or society. Secondly, the class of workmen immediately above these wastrels—the men of mediocre capacities—would soon want to know why they should work hard for low, or moderate, wages in private industry while less efficient and less respectable men had easier work and higher wages at the public expense. These mediocre men would put aside what little dignity they possessed and follow the wastrels—they, too, would demand "suitable" work at "standard" wages. Thirdly, the ordinary labour market would be denuded and disorganised as a result of this migration from *bona-fide* to rate-supported and artificial employment. Our ordinary industries would cease to be profitable, and could not be conducted, under a scheme of this kind. There would be a labour famine. And, finally, the whole scheme would fall to the ground through lack of funds.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR:

The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure that before long they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON:

"The Business Encyclopædia will be most valuable to every business man."

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The "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" is like no other work in the world. It deals with nothing but business. While there are many Encyclopædias in the market, all professing to be of universal knowledge, they all exclude practical affairs; they ignore the multifarious interests of the business man. The object of the "BUSINESS Encyclopædia" is to afford this special information. It is, therefore, no luxury, but a BUSINESS TOOL, and as such is indispensable to the CLERK, the COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER, the AGENT and MANAGER, the CAPITALIST and FINANCIER, the SOLICITOR and ACCOUNTANT, the MERCHANT and MANUFACTURER, the SHOPKEEPER, the TRADESMAN, and the PROFESSIONAL MAN.

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"The volumes have already proved of great use to us, and we would not be without them on any account. We strongly advise all commercial men to purchase the work. It is THE work par excellence for every business man to possess."

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J. 22. 10.

CROW'S CRITICS.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

VIOLENT OUTBURST ON THE PART OF THE AGED.

Mr. Crow has got into trouble again, and we receive by every post vituperative communications, which show at any rate that, whatever their other shortcomings, some old men still possess the fire and fury of youth.

A gentleman, whose initials are J. C., writes: "I must confess I never was more disgusted with anything that I ever read in all my life than I was with Jim Crow's article on old age. I wonder he did not add to his many insults bird claws of finger nails. I myself am 70 years of age, and am very far from having tottering steps and very far from having a mummified face, neither have I hands like *claws*, and I am pleased to say I am one of those old women that is as young as Jim Crow."

A Nottingham correspondent: "Sir, I had a JOHN BULL sent to me this week in connection with your prize competition and I very soon returned it, for of all the offensive, brutal articles I ever read, Jim Crow's is the worst, and I predict the benefits that will accrue from your P.C. will be greatly outbalanced by such disgusting drivel. Many of us have parents and we all hope to reach that old age so ridiculed by Jim Crow."

"Senex" (Birmingham) writes: "I am 70 years of age and, as the horse dealers say, sound in wind and limb. The article by Jim Crow is ungentlemanly, unkind, and unjust, and I consider some little apology is called for by your elder readers for publishing it. To speak of elderly people as being in an unsatisfactory and unsavoury period of life is far from polite. Again, I must say he displays his ignorance by stating very few people learn anything after they grow up. Has your correspondent grown up?"

"Indignant" writes: "A more disgusting and scandalous attack upon Old Age it would be difficult to conceive than that given in the article of the Man styling himself Jim Crow in your issue of September 12th. That he belongs to the gutter-press type goes without saying, and was either suffering from incipient D.T.'s when he wrote it! or else he is a monomaniac!!"

Mr. Jos. Lebolo-Carey writes: "It is not transparent under the surface whether Mr. Crow writes exactly what he thinks, or whether he indulges in the weakness of partly allowing his pen to play pranks with his thoughts. Anyhow, young readers and those who are not given to serious reflection will believe what they read just as it is put before them. . . . It is now alleged that once you are grown up you have nothing more to learn: you know everything. You need not read the works of those who, after thirty or forty years' profound and painful study and investigations, condense the fruits of their knowledge into chapters that never grow old, but are cherished throughout the ages. . . . In more ways than one, fifty years ago the sounder principles of most people had greater regard for the health and peace of each other; science and art yielded less noxious adulterants; homes were built on more solid foundations, materially and morally; and there was less need for societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals."

A. F. (Crewe) would like to remind us that "the success of JOHN BULL depends quite as much on the old as on the young," and he begs us to "give the wastepaper basket a chance as a suitable receptacle for such senseless verbosity."

B. St. V. (Wimbledon) addresses Mr. Crow direct: "Your presumption is so great that you wish to be the head of the State. It will be a long while, if ever, that your ambition might be fulfilled; and by then old age would be creeping along and a decrepit old crow you will be. Fi, Monsieur! Vous êtes un monstre! C'est encore heureux si les enfants ne lisent pas vos sottises car ils pourraient bien les prendre an grand-serieux. Tout de même vous êtes toujours fort drole et c'est avec plaisir que je lis chaque semaine le cher JOHN BULL. Vous avez tant d'ambition que peut-être voudriez-vous encore bien être Roi. Allez, vous l'êtes encore bien au nid des Crows! Surtout continuez à nous faire rire, il n'y a rien de mieux dans la vie, *à n'importe quel age!*"

"Anglo-Saxon" (Bromley) does not know to what nationality Mr. Crow belongs, but supposes there is a nigger strain in the family. He says Crow is certainly not at heart an Englishman, "when he enumerates with such apparent gusto the painful effects of the wear of life on the human body. As to 'the power of the purse,' the suggested remedy is to give the harpies the money while the man who worked to amass it is living. Let the cormorants work and save for themselves, and not hover like vultures scenting and watching their prey."

"Senex" (Southsea) does not think that men lose all courage as they grow old, but that they gain prudence.

F. G. S. (Leytonstone) suggests that Jim should send a copy of JOHN BULL containing his article to his father, if still living, also that he keeps a copy of it to consult as he grows older, so that when he begin to feel the effects of old age he will realise what a useless being he is.

A. J. (Bath), on the other hand, sends us "just a line to tell you how I appreciate Jim Crow's article on old age. I am 54 years of age—not yet *old*; but on the road towards old age. I am going to preserve this essay of Jim's, and read it occasionally, so that I may not make such a fool of myself (later on) as he describes."

CROW'S REPLY.

I am always pleased when one of my literary masterpieces attracts attention, and I am glad to find that my sermon to the aged has gone home. This will encourage me, when I next feel bilious, to write about Young Age and alienate the rest of my readers.

I beg to inform J. C. that I have sufficient confidence in the public to feel certain that it will never dislike me for telling the truth.

The modest man of Nottingham is hereby informed that I never dreamed of criticising all old persons, least of all my own parents, who are, of course, the most charming people in the world, and deserve national gratitude for bringing into the world so brilliant a statesman and so graceful an author as their humble son.

All I have to say to "Senex" (Birmingham) is that there are moments for being polite and moments for refraining from politeness; further, that never having had a commercial life, no one ever taught me the first rudiments thereof. Fancy trying to connect Crow with commerce and then posing as an authority on politeness!

"Indignant" is invited to give the ghost of a shadow of a reason for supposing that I am not a true Briton of the best type. I only hope his curses may not return to roost.

Mr. Jos. Lebolo-Carey is evidently unfortunate in his acquaintances if they are always yearning for dead men's shoes. He cannot have read me very carefully if he imagines I argued that, when a man is grown up, he has nothing more to learn. If I thought that, I should not trouble myself to edify the world. I have read many astounding things in the course of my life, from the lies of Macaulay and Carlyle to the maunderings of Tariff Reformers, but I never yet came across anyone outside a lunatic asylum who ventured to assert that, in matters of health and science, the old times were better than the new, or that children were better treated before the passing of Factory Acts, or that our forefathers were kinder to animals than we are.

I am sorry that the Wimbledon lady thinks it will be a long while before I am head of the State, but I am glad that she does not despair about my ambition to serve my fellow-countrymen in that way. I do not know why she has addressed me in French, but, not to be behind hand in gallantry, I beg to reply, in my best Spanish, that I am Su Seguro Servidor, q. b. s. m. y. p."

Perhaps "Anglo-Saxon" will inform me how and when he saw a cormorant trying to look like a vulture. He says the article serves no useful purpose, but it has, at any rate, induced him to reflect for once in his life.

With "Senex" (Southsea) I have very little fault to find. If all elderly people were like him, je vieillirais sans m'en affliger. He enters into the spirit of my argument, and I have great pleasure in assuring him that, striking an average, I am inclined to prefer the old to the young. I admit that experience is useful, but how few people ever make use of it. The only point on which I join issue with him is that of the age of politicians. How can he compare dodderers like Lord Morley, Lord Rosebery, or Lord Avebury with a brilliant genius like Mr. Churchill, or even with Mr. McKenna? Of course Disraeli and Gladstone were grand old men, but they were the exceptions who never grew old. I raise my hat to this particular "Senex," and compliment him on his escape from senility.

HOW I CURED MY OBESITY.

A Lady's Experience: Loses 42lb. in 49 Days.

If only readers could see the letters written to me by persons of both sexes and all ages, they would then know that they need not continue to be too fat and ungainly, or too heavy and unhealthy.

In the later letters written by these persons, they speak in terms of the highest praise of my treatment for the reduction of superfluous flesh and abnormal weight. It is exceedingly pleasant to have other people confirm what I know my treatment will do for people who are too stout.

I should here like to put in a few words of personal explanation. I myself am a member of a family many of whom died prematurely after much mental and physical suffering, arising from corpulence. While studying medicine for my degree, I saw the signs of the family complaint in myself. I naturally sought to avert what I for some time feared as being my hereditary fate. It was when I had almost given up hope that I discovered a cure for my condition, which all the time grew worse, in spite of my hopeful trials of all advertised and unadvertised remedies for stoutness. I at last gave up expecting a cure from other people. I experimented with my own thought-out remedies, and, happily, at last my perseverance—or, rather, my desperation—succeeded.

With what joy I noted my daily reduction of weight! I remember my keen delight to this day. With the reduction of my weight my breathing became easy, I grew to forget that my heart beat 72 times a minute. My health and spirits improved, and my appearance became so altered that friends wondered and questioned.

Of course, I was so pleased that I told them all about it. I did not then know, or even expect, that the treatment which cured me would also cure my friends and others. But it did—and it was really because my "patient" friends advised me to do so that I decided to study and practise the profession of an obesity specialist.

The result of several years' study and experience has only served to make my treatment more and more successful. The following are actual conditions in which my treatment has proved successful, in many cases even after ordinary medical and advertised remedy treatments have altogether failed—as they did in my own case.

Double chin and flabby cheeks.	Physical incapacity.
Ungainly hips.	Shortness of breath.
Protruding abdomen.	Big waist.
Shapeless limbs	Husky or weak voice.
Abnormal weight.	Aged appearance.
Faults of figure.	Lack of energy and strength.
Fatty heart.	Chronic lassitude.

Because I know so well that my treatment never fails to reduce excessive size and weight, I will present

A FORTNIGHT'S TRIAL OF MY TREATMENT FREE

to all readers. I do not want a penny from anyone until the reader is himself, or herself (following actual trial), as convinced as I am that my treatment does safely reduce weight.

This, then, is what I here offer for the next seven days to readers of my statements, whose own condition is such as to make them interested. I specially invite those who have tried other remedies for reducing weight without success to write me for:—

The above illustration shows the remarkable effects of the Nelson Lloyd Safe Reducing Treatment. Full particulars of this case will be sent to all who apply for trial treatment as below.

I.—A copy of my book, "The Scientific Treatment of Obesity" (just published, price 6d.), thoroughly deals with the subject in a popular, readable style. Contents: The need for personal treatment; Irksome methods of cure condemned; Proper weight of healthy people; The cause of obesity; Why stout people die prematurely; The limited value of physical exercise; Obese people are moderate eaters; Some dangerous anti-fat methods; The acid drinking and dieting evils; Starvation proved useless; A rational, inexpensive, and pleasant cure explained and proved by convincing examples.

II.—Two photos of the lady referred to above, with her letter giving full particulars of her cure.

III.—Everything required for a complete fourteen days' free trial treatment. I make no charge for all the above, but ask you to enclose sixpence (by postal order), just to cover the expenses of carriage, packing, and dispatch of parcel.

Please remember that men or women at any age are successfully treated.

When applying, state how much weight you wish taken off, and whether the stoutness is principally at your abdomen, hips, legs, arms, or whether it is all over the body. These trial treatments are only offered to those who will promise to give them a fair trial by faithfully following my directions. All parcels are sent out in plain sealed wrappers. When writing, give your name and full address very plainly, and address me personally: J. NELSON LLOYD, 57, St. Martin's House, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. Apply to-day, and you can begin your test of my methods by return of post and at my expense.—[ADVT.]

"CANADIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

In the letter addressed to us by Mr. J. Obed Smith, Assistant Superintendent of Emigration, and published in our issue of October 10th, Mr. Smith invited us to send a representative to see the papers in his possession which, as he alleges, prove that the Canadian Government were justified in their deportation of Mr. Ormonde. Accordingly we asked Mr. Smith to give us an appointment, and our representative duly called at the time mentioned.

He had hardly entered the room when Mr. Smith began to rail at John Bull, describing us as liars who would not admit error though it was proved to demonstration. Our representative requested Mr. Smith to abstain from abuse, and to show him the papers he had come to see.

After indulging in more abuse, Mr. Smith produced a large bundle of documents and intimated that our representative might read two, and two only—one a printed form asking certain questions; the other a typewritten document purporting to be evidence taken at a magisterial investigation into the mental condition of Mr. Ormonde.

Our representative asked to be allowed to take down the names of the witnesses. Mr. Smith refused.

The depositions were signed presumably by a magistrate. Our representative asked Mr. Smith what his exact official position was. The information was refused.

Our representative then asked to see the report of Dr. Braithewaite, the Medical Officer who reported to the Attorney-General of the Province upon the condition of Mr Ormonde. This was refused in language usually associated with the gutter.

It is strange that the Canadian Government has selected for the important position of Assistant Superintendent of Emigration in this country a person so totally unfit to discuss matters with gentlemen as Mr. J. Obed Smith.

The evidence which our representative was allowed to see included a statement from Mr. Ormonde which shows that at the time of his examination he was suffering from hallucinations. This he does not deny. What is said is that it was a passing illness; that until he went to Canada he never suffered from any such hallucinations, and since he has returned he has not suffered from any.

We have before us a letter from Mr. C. Osborne, the Secretary of the Parkdale Coal Co., Ltd., in whose employment Mr. Ormonde was when he was deported. This letter is dated March 6th, 1908, and in it says:—

> We were well satisfied with the Ormondes in every way, and feel that an injustice has been done them.

If Ormonde had been suffering continuously from hallucinations he could not have given satisfaction to his employers. As to these hallucinations, recently the Rev. Duncan Travers, Secretary to the Universities' Mission of Central Africa, wrote voluntarily to say that Ormonde has been in his employment since his return from Canada, that he has worked well, and that to say that he was a lunatic was "absurd."

It will be remembered that the official statement of the Canadian Government gives two reasons for the deportation of Ormonde—one that there was insanity in his family, and the other that he was dependent upon public charity. With regard to the first charge we have dealt sufficiently. As to the second, there was not a scrap of evidence submitted to our representative by Mr. J. Obed Smith in support of it. As against it, Mr. Osborne wrote in the letter referred to above:—

> Ormonde was in receipt of a salary of 40 dollars per month from us, which salary was to be increased to 65 dollars as his duties became heavier. His wife had charge of our boarding house in connection with the Mine, for, I think, the whole time they were in the country with the exception of a week or two when they first arrived.

We have, we think, made it plain that the Canadian Government acted very hastily in this matter. As to Mr. Smith's statement that Ormonde desired to go home, a statement resting upon a doubtful passage in his evidence before the magistrate, we have Mr. Ormonde's positive statement to us that whilst he would have liked to have returned to this country if he had seen any prospect of employment, he certainly had no desire to throw up his berth in Canada and return on the off chance of getting it here. Anxious as we are to hide nothing that may tell in favour of the Canadian Government, we should have liked to publish the exact words used by Mr. Ormonde when before the magistrate, but this we are unable to do owing to the insolent, and not less foolish, refusal of Mr. Smith to allow our representative to take any kind of note.

A Sample

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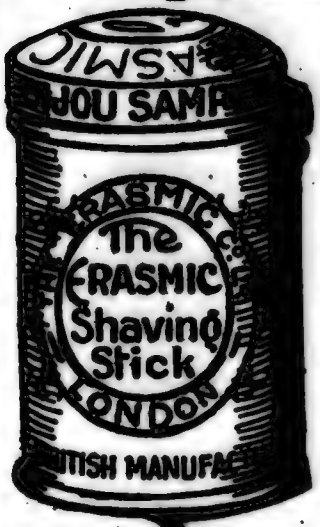

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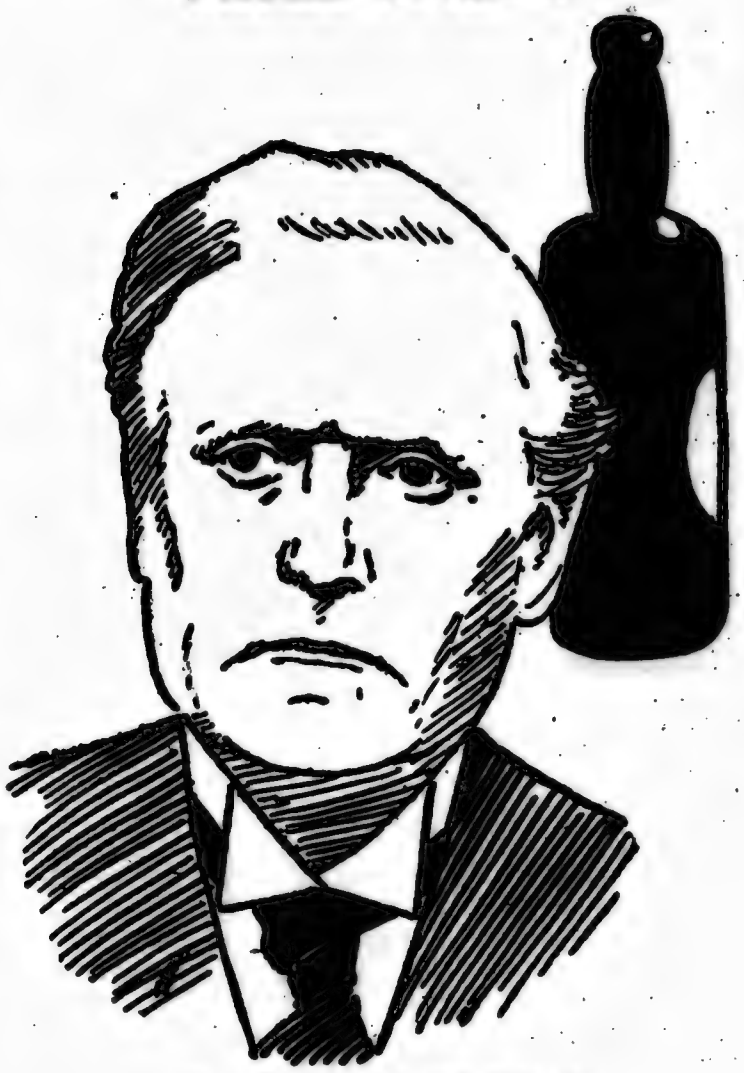

MR. ASQUITH AND THE BOTTLE.

THE HURLY BURLY

By THEODORE DAHLE.

THE MIRACLE OF THE PARSONIFIED FISH.

My inestimable contemporary the Carmarthen *Journal* tells a story which will entertain all those who are interested in the larger fish. "We are glad to note," it says, "that on Tuesday, Mr. Tommy Davies, saddler, fishing in Castle Pool, landed a fine salmon turning the scale at 26½ lbs. It measured 3 ft. 4½ in. in length, and was the preacher at the annual harvest thanksgiving." I do not doubt that Tommy is a saddler as stated; but what I wish to ask him, as a friend and a brother, is whether he is the most tremendous angler of his day and generation, or whether the *Journal* has been misinformed as to the facts.

Years ago, I remember an old countryman telling me of a wonderful fish caught by an angler who took lodgings at his house. "It wor a reyt good trout," he said, "but it's fo'ty year sin I clapped eyes on him, an' it wor three pund weight then. What it's gotten to by this time mebbe yow can tell as safe as me, fer a big fish, ye knaw, graws terr'ble fast when it's once ooten watter." But it is not the size of Tommy's trout which staggers me; there are larger fish in the sea and out of it than that one. Not long ago, a Christian gentleman, a good husband and father, told me that on his last visit to Scotland he caught a salmon weighing 65 lbs. after playing it for five hours and a half. He said the line snapped once, that he had to dive into midstream in order to tie it, and that if the salmon had not jumped out of the river into a rat hole he would have lost it altogether. He said he had the salmon in a glass case in his study, but I cannot say how much he gave for it.

No; it is not the size or the weight of Tommy's salmon which arouses my curiosity. What amazes me is the announcement that it was the preacher at the annual harvest thanksgiving. Mind, I do not say it was not; I have seen some queer fish in pulpits myself. But a harvest thanksgiving service seems the wrong place for Tommy's 26½ lbs. salmon, somehow. If it had taken the chair at the annual dinner of the local angling association, where it could have spoken without restraint, and told a few angling stories on its own account and from its own point of view, I should not have been in the slightest degree surprised; but when I am told that it ousted the parson from his pulpit on the occasion of the harvest festival and preached the sermon, I take leave to say that to my mind the story is more antecedently incredible than that other one about Mr. Balaam's donkey.

For here, mark you, is a modern newspaper reporting a miracle not less supernatural than any recorded in history. Let us, if you please, coolly and calmly consider the alleged facts. Tommy the saddler goes fishing in Castle Pool on Tuesday, and catches a salmon 26½ lbs. in weight, 3 ft. 4½ ins. long, and broad in proportion. He takes the fish in triumph to his wife and family, who presumably eat it in sections as boiled, roast, and, probably, pickle. By Saturday night, therefore, it may be fairly regarded as dead. Yet on Sunday morning it pulls itself together and sets out for church, where it not only dons a surplice, but mounts the pulpit, and preaches the harvest thanksgiving sermon. If all this be true—and why, oh why, should a Carmarthen newspaper say the thing that is not?—Tommy's salmon is the most supernatural and accomplished fish on record, and I can see no reason why it should not take holy orders and join the Church in a regular and orthodox manner. In that case it would be worth half-a-crown a pound of anybody's money.

But the scientific difficulties in the way of crediting the ecclesiastical performances of Tommy's salmon are innumerable. There are eminent men of science who believe that all living creatures pass after death into a fairer realm than this, careless of the embarrassment it would cause them to meet in another world all the middle-cuts of salmon they had consumed in this one; but I am unaware of any man of science having discovered in a dead salmon the capacity of human speech. In unshaken voice Science says that, so far as this world is concerned, when a salmon is dead it is dead, says that when you have canned it, or made a mayonnaise of it, or fried it, or pickled it, it cannot be induced to speak a word, and that all it seeks is repose. Says that if it were caught on Tuesday and started out as a resurrection on Sunday in church, all the congregation would move out and the Local Government Board inspector would commence legal proceedings against it for creating a nuisance. Not that Science is prejudiced against miracles in any way. It merely suggests reasons why some of them are not permitted to happen.

It is sometimes said that Barrabas was the first publisher. Certainly Ananias was the first angler. But even Ananias could not have improved on the Carmarthen *Journal's* story of Tommy's salmon. If anglers and those who relate angling anecdotes ever offer up prayer in the hush of the night, I sometimes think it must be in the words of that child of innocence who knelt by his bedside and said, "P'ease make me a better boy, an' if at first 'oo don't succeed, try, try again." There is probably no class of sportsmen who put so grave a strain on the absolving mercies of Providence. I hope, in spite of fear, that some of them will eventually reach the Happy Land. If they do, may they never meet the fish they caught.

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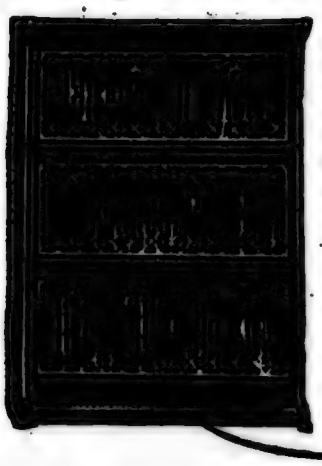

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WM. ARGUS & Co., Ltd., 52, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAM.

To Messrs. Faudels, Limited, Merchants and Warehousemen, Newgate Street, City.

Gentlemen,—A word with you, if you please, for there is a little matter about which some few of your shareholders may desire to interview Mr. Davis, your managing director. Until a few days ago, when Sir Horatio Davies, sitting at the Guildhall, sentenced him to three months imprisonment, you had in your employ a junior clerk named Philip Henry Lewis. According to your managing director, Lewis had been with you from a boy, and he is now thirty-one years of age. Bearing an excellent character, he had risen slowly, but surely, step by step, during seventeen years or so, until he had achieved the high position of junior clerk at a salary of one sovereign per week, paid in good English money. This shows to what young men may rise in the City by means of an excellent character.

Unfortunately Lewis appears to have squandered the whole of his income of £1 a week in the purchase of food, the payment of doctor's fees for a delicate wife, and the maintenance of a home. He was thus hard-pressed for money; and in the stress of that moral and physical ordeal he was tempted of the devil, obtaining from your firm by false pretences five gold rings, value £4 19s. 6d. That, gentlemen, was his guilt. What is yours?

"He was very well paid for the work he did," your managing director told the court. Gentlemen, he had been with you from boyhood. He had borne an irreproachable character. For long years he had worked for you; and at thirty-one years of age he was receiving from you this petty dole of £1 a week. I can make no excuse for him. The lowness of a man's wages may explain, but it can never justify, his swindling those who employ him. At this moment there are thousands of men and women who hunger and do not steal. But, gentlemen, there is a moral obligation on the part of employers to put those who serve them faithfully and well as far as possible behind the hard pressure of that temptation which drives so many hard-worked and ill-paid men to their fall. You have not fulfilled that obligation to this poor clerk of yours. If you had, perhaps he would still have been an honest man. Some day, it may be, he will pick up the broken strands of his life again and tie them fast. For the sake of his young wife I hope it may be so. Gentlemen, there is still a chance for you too. What will you do for her?

John Bull.

To Miss Pankhurst, Caxton Hall.

Dear Portia,—I have often wondered why your friends, who are so voluble and impossible to abash at street fights and public meetings, always cut such a poor figure when haled before a magistrate. They generally stammer and hang their heads and submit to any impertinence which may emanate from the Bench. I was surprised that no Suffragette took the trouble to get up her case and prepare or even borrow a few telling phrases. They were losing fine chances of advertisement, and advertisement is after all one of the chief assets of propaganda. Now, however, you have changed all these methods of bashfulness and are to be congratulated upon having cut quite a fine figure as an advocate. You are quick in seizing points and rubbing them in, vigilant and good-humoured, courteous and dignified. When you have had a little more practice, I should not be surprised if you turned out to be quite an expert cross-examiner, and, if I am not mistaken, you are very likely to enjoy quite as much practice as even you care for in the future. However, you did very well on the whole, and I shall watch your career with interest, much as I disapprove of the extravagances of some of your methods. What a lot of fun you must be getting out of all this hullabaloo! It will be quite monotonous for you when you resign yourself to the drudgery of matrimony and have to think about babies' bibs and milk puddings.

John Bull.

To Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General of the Forces.

My Lord,—I am glad to see that you have been delivering an address on purity. It was very good of you to do so as you must be a very busy man, seeing that you told your readers that you are not married because you "had no time to select a wife." I have heard many reasons in my time for the evasion of matrimony, and could have understood the plea of a lack of attractions or a lack of opportunities. But lack of time is decidedly original. Perhaps your use of the word "select" is not so modest as it might be, nor am I certain that it will entirely commend itself to the Suffragettes. It sounds too much like a pasha who is too busy to throw the handkerchief. I am glad to hear, however that, even with your lack of experience, you consider married life to be "the perfect life." I should advise you to wait until the squalling of babies interrupts the preparation of your sermons. Finally, you told your hearers that "they should ask God to choose a wife for them." Why don't you practise what you preach?

John Bull.

To the Rev. Hugh McIntosh, Brockley Presbyterian Church, Deptford.

Rev. Sir,—My attention has been drawn to the fact that you have not yet explained what portion of the funds raised by a bazaar organised by your church for the purpose of assisting the poor of Deptford has gone to the poor of Deptford.

A sum of "nearly £400" was admittedly raised; and certain correspondents of the *Kentish Mercury* have made from time to time the very proper demand that you should render a detailed account of the sums which have been distributed to those "crowds of distressed ones whose only claim is the claim of hunger and cold," on whose behalf you appealed." That demand has been met on your part with silence, and on the part of Mrs. McIntosh with a threat that if the editor of the *Kentish Mercury* does not at once close the correspondence and say that the fund has been administered exactly on the lines of the public appeal, certain action would be taken "dreadful for you and yours."

Naturally, the editor declines to be silenced by a threat of this sort. The question is put in the plainest possible words, and it is my request that you answer it.

It is clear that the stewardship of yourself and those associated with you was for the poor, and it is time the public knew how much the poor have received. The detailed accounts are long overdue. The neglect to supply them has assumed the dimensions of a scandal. While you are silent, your church and your work are discredited. Once more then, how much, if any, of the subscribed funds has gone to the poor? John Bull.

To His Honour Judge Willis, Greenwich County Court.

Sir,—You seem very proud of your penury, and I do not know why you took the trouble to inform the Court that you are not the possessor of a Sunday suit, and that you used to live on £40 a year. You surely cannot have intended to inculcate habits of untidiness and cheeseparing. You admit that at the time when you imitated the parson who considered himself "passing rich" on that pittance, you were in receipt of a salary of £100 a year. Now thrift may be all very well, but I confess I have no patience with meanness. Glorying in your habits, you informed a reporter that you always dined and had your tea free of expense. I should like to know how you managed this without cadging. You drank only water, you did not use omnibuses, and you never went to any place of amusement. Nor did you witness any cricket if there was a charge for admission. You never saw a horse-race, and do not wish to know anything about one. You read no newspaper and took in no magazine because they were too dear. Your only relaxation seems to have been to attend a Baptist chapel twice a week and to walk in Epping Forest with a friend, taking it in turns to read aloud from Tennyson, Coleridge, Southey or Milton. This is the sort of training which no doubt fitted you for that knowledge of human nature which you display so conspicuously in your court. I can only say that I do not regret having missed the opportunity of making your acquaintance when you were a young man.

John Bull.

Henderson, M.P., House of Commons.

Don't you think you had better give up temperance lecturing and take in hand the real work of the Labour Party? What do you think of Ben Tillett's letter? Bull.

A PRETTY DISH TO PUT BEFORE THE KING!

"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING!"

IN THE CITY.

STOCK EXCHANGE REFORM.

Some Suggested Innovations.

The Stock Exchange is at the moment a closed book to the majority of the investing and speculating public. Only a small percentage of brokers' clients understand the actual procedure when a deal is transacted, and many people think it would be a good thing if the "House" made the general methods of Stock Exchange business perfectly clear to the public at large. It is most desirable that the "House" should possess the absolute confidence of the investor or speculator, and it is regrettable, but none the less a fact, that there is less trust or confidence in business generally at the present day than was the case a few years ago. This, of course, does not imply that business methods are less straightforward than heretofore, but there appears to be a different atmosphere in business nowadays, both financial and commercial. It is therefore absolutely necessary for the Stock Exchange authorities and members to do all in their power to inspire confidence, and in order to do this it is most important that some reform should be effected.

A correspondent suggests that a public gallery, as in the Paris Bourse, should be built, so that members of the public may, during business hours, see exactly under what conditions their transactions are executed. Although with the present building such a gallery would be very difficult to add, the Committee could doubtless make arrangements for the necessary structural alterations to be carried out.

A rather unsatisfactory matter from the point of view of the investor is that, apart from the markings of business done in the "Daily Official List," there is no method of checking the price at which a bargain is done. We know that the majority of the members of the Stock Exchange are above suspicion, but we also know that the majority of the public are suspicious, therefore everything in connection with a deal should be open. It is therefore suggested that the Committee should instruct all brokers, when issuing a contract note, to give the name of the jobber with whom the deal was transacted. Our correspondent proposes therefore that every jobber in the market should hand to each broker who does a bargain with him an official printed form, giving the name and address of his firm, on which the jobber should enter a record of the transaction, and place his initials against the entry. This would take only a few seconds to do, but if it was found impracticable in the case of any exceedingly busy jobber, although we are given to understand that such a person does not exist in the Stock Exchange at the moment, it is suggested that he employs one of his clerks to stand near him, and issue these official forms as the various bargains are executed. Then the broker, when sending the contract note to his client, should enclose the dealer's note also. Thus there would not be the slightest element of doubt as to the correctness of the transaction. We presume that in the case of a broker dealing in, say, 500 shares, of which 300 are for one client and the remaining 200 for another, he would ask the dealer for two forms, one for each lot of shares. Another suggestion is that certain of London's leading bankers should be invited to sit on the Stock Exchange Committee. Provided they would accept the position, it is thought that the public would regard the innovation in a very favourable light. It is most important that the Committee should be an absolutely impartial one; and this under present circumstances, when each member has his own firm's methods and perhaps a market to study, is difficult of accomplishment.

Another perplexing matter to very many people who transact only a modicum of business on the Stock Exchange is the "consideration money" set forth on a deed. The purchase money only is given, and this almost invariably differs from that which the seller receives, owing, as explained in a somewhat vague foot-note to every transfer deed, to sub-sales that may have taken place. All deeds of transfer should, it is suggested, read as follows:—"In consideration of the sum of

{ Buyer's consideration..... }
{ Seller's consideration..... }

paid by, etc.," so that both the purchase money and the actual amount realised on the sale are shown. If this were the case, no misunderstanding could possibly arise.

We quite agree that in these days of fierce open competition the London Stock Exchange Committee and members must endeavour to attract the public by doing all in their power to make Stock Exchange methods perfectly free from any abstruse or doubtful element, and although we foresee practical difficulties in the way of carrying out some of our correspondent's suggestions, we throw them out, for what they are worth, for the consideration of members.

NEWFOUNDLAND PULP AND TIMBER TERRITORIES.

We have during the past few weeks traced the progress of the Dutch auction which has been going on in these shares, beginning with requests for "offers," and then going down by beautiful gradations from 10s. to 2s. per share "to clear." We have expressed some curiosity as to the individual behind Messrs. Iredale and Co., of "Water" Street, Liverpool. We wonder whether the following letter, which was sent to a lady well known in Society, throws any light upon the matter:—

Charing Cross House,
29a, Charing Cross Road, W.C.,
August 18th, 1908.

Dear Madam,—Confirming my arrangement with you this morning, I hereby offer you 60,000 (sixty thousand) fully paid shares of £1 each in the above company at par. If you can place these, or any of them, I hereby agree to allow you 10 per cent. (ten per cent.) in cash and 10 per cent (ten per cent.) in shares.

I cannot keep this offer open indefinitely, but I will give it to you for a fortnight, and will, of course, renew it, if you wish me to do so, from time to time.

Yours truly,
J. Arthur Greene.

Fortunately for the lady's friends, a copy of this journal came into her hands, with the result that she at once withdrew her efforts to place the shares. Par! And now they are to be given away with an ounce of tea!

BRITISH UNITED ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

It may interest those who are creditors or policy-holders in the above Corporation to read the following extract from a letter addressed by the Liquidator on October 6th to a creditor. The liquidator, Mr. Victor Thomasset, writes:—

> The Accountants and I are doing our best to find out the position of affairs from the Corporation's books (which are not even made up to date), and at present it is impossible for me to give the information you ask for.
>
> I hope shortly, however, to be able to forward a report to the creditors.
>
> As far as we can ascertain, the assets of the Corporation are very small indeed, unless we can manage to sell the goodwill, which we are endeavouring to negotiate now.

INNS OF COURT HOTEL, LIMITED.

We have the report and accounts of this company to June 30th last, and are glad to note that the outlook is brighter for shareholders. Both the company and the hotel have undergone reconstruction. The old debts and debentures have been paid off, and the business done in each month of the present year has been sufficient to pay interest on both mortgage and new debenture stock. It may reasonably be hoped that under the vigorous direction of Mr. Higgisley Cox the improvement indicated will continue.

WARING AND GILLOW.

At the time of going to press the meeting of shareholders in this company is about to be held, and we shall have no opportunity of commenting upon the position, as it must then be more fully disclosed than it is by the published accounts and report. It is one of the flaws of the Companies Acts that the report which the auditors of every company are required to make is not compulsorily circulated. The result is that, as a rule, it is read in a perfunctory sort of way, at the beginning of a meeting, usually when people are coming in and before the shareholders have seriously settled down to business. In this case it is obvious from the terms of the note attached to the balance-sheet, that the accounts as published are to be taken subject to certain important qualifications contained in the auditors' report to the shareholders, and as everything depends upon the exact present financial position of the company, we defer further comment until fuller information is before us. As we have frequently stated, our desire is to assist, and not to wreck this big enterprise. But we fear that Mr. Waring has a big job on hand; and if at this stage we might venture to offer a word of advice, it would be—absolute candour with the creditors and shareholders. That, and that alone, is the key to a solution of all difficulties.

NEW ISSUE.

THE SWANSEA HARBOUR TRUST.—We direct attention to the prospectus issued by the Swansea Harbour Trust, to be found in another column. £700,000 4 per cent. stock is offered, the price of it being £98 10s. As the distribution of the instalment payments is equivalent to a gain of nearly ½ per cent. in interest to the investor, the price is equivalent to approximately £98. In our opinion it is an attractive issue.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

THE NORTH WALES IRON AND MANGANESE COMPANY, LIMITED.—J. O. R. (Birkdale).—We are obliged to you for the documents you send us, but we do not think any good object can be gained by continuing the controversy in our columns.

CROSSE AND BLACKWELL.—F. J. B. (Birmingham).—You can get the information you want from any of the many reference books dealing with Joint Stock Companies.

SEVENOAKS WATER COMPANY.—P. L. C. (Maidstone).—The answer is in the negative.

WELSBACH COMPANY.—R. J. C. (Stoke Newington).—Not at all good.

BIRKBECK BANK.—A. F. R. (Sloane Square).—We are not surprised that you find it difficult to get an answer to the second of the two questions you put to us. If a bank is unable to meet its liabilities, the people who have been dealing with the bank must necessarily be the losers. As to whether you run any risk in leaving your money with the Birkbeck the question is really a ridiculous one. This institution is financially one of the strongest in the Kingdom.

DAIMLER SHARES.—RATHMINES (Dublin).—We do not think there would be much gained by the delay.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—E. McE. (Barnstaple).—It is a respectably managed institution and long established.

THE GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL SECURITIES CORPORATION.—H. A. H. (Northampton Square).—We know nothing to the prejudice of the Corporation. Your papers are returned under another cover.

ADVANCE OF £200.—X. Y. Z. (London).—We know of no one who would advance you £200 on your "sole word of honour."

VARIOUS SHARES.—H. A. E. (Plymouth).—(1) The list you give is of course a very speculative one. (2) Glad to hear you have become a shareholder in JOHN BULL, LIMITED. (3) We think the outside brokers you name would treat you fairly.

NATIONAL FREE HOMES ASSOCIATION.—R. R. (Manchester).—We should select the shortest term possible, having regard to your means of meeting the annual payments required.

TWO SHARES.—MIDGET (Tooting).—You should hold them. They are of small value, but conceivably may improve later on.

AMERICAN EXPLORATION COMPANY.—W. F. (Glasgow).—We should not do so.

BRITISH HOMES ASSOCIATION.—BULLITE (Bedford).—No.

FULFILMENT OF CONTRACT.—ANXIOUS (Earl's Colne).—We know nothing about either of the firms you mention.

BRITISH ELECTRIC TRACTION COMPANY.—H. R. (Leeds).—We think you had better hold for the present.

TEMPERANCE PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—SINTAX (Brixton).—We should consider it a very sound investment. The company has an excellent record.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—L. C. R. (Camberwell).—Your case seems a very hard one, but we do not see how we can help you. We return papers. A. B. C. (Sheffield).—Yes, we think so. A. H. (Reading.—We do not know why a director of Stubbs', Limited, has warned you against the association, if he has done so. It is a financially strong institution and quite respectable.

FARROW'S BANK.—ENQUIRER (Birmingham).—We think so. T. E. (Birkenhead).—We know of no good reason why you should not open a current account with this institution.

FARROW'S AND MERCANTILE BANKS.—W. W. (Cannock).—Both are quite respectable.

FRENCH LOTTERY TICKETS.—A. K. (Theydon Bois).—We cannot.

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST.—A. F. B. (R.M.S.P. "Asturias").—We agree with you that this concern was a swindle. We fear, however, there is nothing for it but to write off the sum they owe you as a bad debt.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—VERAX (Sheffield).—(1) We should continue paying the premiums, and you might safely buy the certificate you mention upon the terms named. (2) The Provident Association of London and the Assurance Company of that name have nothing whatever to do with the Provincial Homes Investment Company. C. H. J. (Old Charlton).—You are quite right as to the opinion we have expressed. We do not think the position of the Company has been worsened by amalgamation.

LONDON, CHATHAM AND DOVER ORDINARY.—W. E. L. (Denmark Hill).—We should hold.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—LYNX (Stockwell).—We thank you for the circular, as also for your information *re* Tracy, Miller and Co. We agree that it is time the police moved in this matter.

INVESTMENT OF £30.—ALPHA (Weymouth).—You cannot do better than take a few John Bull Six per Cents.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—C. F. P. (S. Ealing).—Better not. C. H. S. (Lower Gornal).—We advise you to close your transactions with these people as soon as possible. H. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Have nothing to do with them. C. H. B. (Bingley).—Have nothing to do with either of the firms you mention. F. W. S. (Marrick).—No. 3 is the only one with whom you should have dealings—that is, if you *will* gamble in stocks and shares.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES AND FELTHAM'S BANK.—(A. C., Stockport, and others).—We cannot recommend either of the firms you mention. Why not have a few JOHN BULL Six per Cents.?

STANDING OF COMPANY.—M. T. H. (Liverpool).—We should not recommend it.

INDIANA COAL AND RAILWAY COMPANY.—F. T. (Westminster).—We know nothing about the concern.

GREAT COBARS.—A SHAREHOLDER (Brighton).—We are not able to supplement the information as to dividend sent you by the secretary. What he says seems reasonable enough. We do not think you have any ground for anxiety.

BRITISH HOMES INVESTMENT.—E. A. G. (Reading).—Our advice was given to a person who had been paying in a considerable time. It does not follow that similar advice would be given to a person contemplating dealings with the company.

COUNTRYSIDE, LIMITED.—V. G. B. (Snaith).—We agree with your view of the matter. The papers are returned under another cover.

SMELTING AND CONCESSIONS COMPANY, LIMITED.—J. (Covent Garden).—We are obliged to you for the warning you send us respecting this company.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—H. F. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—No.

DE DION BOUTON (1907), LIMITED.—W. J. B. (Queen's Gate).—We fear we can do nothing to expedite the proceedings.

FOREIGN PREMIUM BONDS.—HENRI (Palmer's Green).—We cannot undertake to give you the very varied information you ask for, but we shall be pleased to answer any question relating to a specific bond, or bonds.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—H. H.—We can only say what we have said to so many others, that we cannot take the responsibility of advising you to deposit with an institution offering such high rates of interest.

TWO INVESTMENTS.—J. H. T. (Brentford).—The one is as good as the other, so far as security goes.

STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—THISTLE.—We should not.

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.—E. (Seacombe).—We know nothing about it.

NEWSPAPER SHARES.—F. R. S. (Wandsworth).—We do not recommend the preference shares of the "Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited." Try JOHN BULL Six per Cents. And do not deal with either of the outside firms you mention.

THE SALDANHA BAY HARBOUR AND RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.—A. C. L. (Liphook).—If you were officially informed that the railway is about to be opened no doubt the information was correct.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—M. S. B. (Southampton).—(1) We doubt it, if the business is confined to regular banking business. (2) Yes. (3) You can get Premium bonds at a fair price from N. Keizer and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

NORTH-WEST DISTRICT PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—F. R. C. (Finsbury).—Yes, the society seems to be well managed and flourishing.

THE PREMIER BOND INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—NEMO (Londonderry).—We should have given your friend the same advice that you seem to have given him. We return your papers herewith.

ATLAS BANKING CORPORATION.—F. W. C. (Dover).—Doesn't the correspondence speak for itself?

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

BRITISH UNITED ASSURANCE CORPORATION, LIMITED.—H. H. C. (Hackney Downs).—The position of your friend we take to be that of an ordinary creditor, and in view of the liquidator's statement to you, the likelihood of his recovering much of his claim is, we fear, very small.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—W. E. (Sheffield).—The point you take is a legal one, but why not get the signatures as required by the Company?

THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. M. H. (Motherwell).—The Company is enterprising and well and economically managed. In the Temperance Section abstainers are allowed a reduction of 10 per cent. from tabular rates. The financial position of the Company is very strong. We may add that it has a special Life Assurance scheme in connection with terminable mortgage loans suitable to persons who desire to become possessors of their own dwelling houses or who wish to invest otherwise in heritable property of a good class.

STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—G. A. B. (Manchester).—The Company does a large and increasing business. The proportion of the surplus ascertained at the valuation on December 31st, 1903, applicable to division among participating policyholders, permitted the distribution of bonuses at the compound rate of 10s. per cent. per annum over the quinquennium, representing in individual cases additions varying from 10s. to 18s. per cent. per annum on the original sums insured. These bonuses were much below previous rates in this Company—a circumstance arising from the very large sums which had to be written off its large holdings in gilt-edged securities on account of depreciation in values. A trial valuation at the close of 1906 showed a surplus sufficient for the provision of compound bonuses on a much higher scale than was announced in 1903.

SICKNESS, ACCIDENT AND OUT OF WORK INSURANCE.—SLIMM (Birmingham).—We have no information.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION.—A. J. B. (Leicester).—Of course you ought to have been notified of the change. Yes, we should advise your doing so.

PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. J. W. (Blackburn).—Your first two questions should be addressed to the Company. As to its position, it does an extensive life and industrial business. Its total assets at the end of last year were £3,780,341, and were increased during the year by £474,198.

IRISH PROVIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—F. (Southsea).—Yes. A READER (Willesden Green).—Yes, we think so.

LAW CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—SEYMOUR (Acton).—The answer is in the affirmative.

THREE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—D. E. (Clydach Vale).—Our advice to you is to deal with none of them. Thanks for your good wishes.

LONDON AND LANCASHIRE LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—F. A. (Stratford).—You need be under no apprehension. The company does an extensive business, not only in the United Kingdom, but in Canada, India, and South Africa. The adoption in the last valuation of more stringent methods as compared with the previous valuation involved an addition to the reserves of £105,517, and £70,000 was applied in writing down securities. It is for this reason that no bonus was distributed, as these measures practically absorbed the valuation surplus, but the directors state that they "anticipate that this process will be compatible with the maintenance of bonuses to policyholders and shareholders fully equal to those disclosed in the past." M. G. L. (Liverpool).—See previous answer.

COLONIAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—BARKING CREEK (Reading).—(1) The company is one of high standing. Its head office is in Melbourne and its London office at 33, Poultry, E.C. It was established in 1873. (2) We do not think the company to which you refer later on in your letter is making very large profits.

THE GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—W. B. H. (Stoke Newington).—You are not far wrong.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—DOUBTFUL (Holloway).—The Company is crippled by want of capital, which makes it difficult for it to provide for the advances which members have the right to expect. GEORGE (Birmingham.)—We think there is very little chance of your hopes being realised.

LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—CONSTANT READER (Erdington).—This is a very excellent company, and its bonuses are good.

UNITED FARMERS' INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. B. (Leicester).—We have no reason to think the contrary.

John Bull Six Per Cents.

We are prepared to deal in these shares, our present quotation being 1-1⅛, *that is to say, par to an eighth premium; or, in other words, we are buyers at* £1 *per share and sellers at* £1 2s. 6d. *per share, fully paid. The shares are entitled to a Cumulative Preference Dividend of six per cent. per annum, and they possess the further right to be exchanged at the option of the holder into Ordinary Shares.*

APPLY SECRETARY, JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST & AGENCY, LTD., 67, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

NEW ISSUE.

The Subscription List will open on Monday, the 19th, and will close on or before Thursday, the 22nd of October, 1908, for Town and Country.

A.D. 1794

Swansea Harbour Trust.

NOTICE AS TO THE ISSUE OF

£700,000 Swansea Harbour 4% ("A") Stock,

Representing the balance of £2,150,000, which, by the Swansea Harbour Act, 1901, as amended by the Swansea Harbour Act, 1907, the Swansea Harbour Trustees are authorized to borrow.

[To rank (when fully paid) equally with the existing quoted issue of £1,100,000 ("A") Stock.]

Price of Issue: £98 10s. %

Messrs. FREDERICK J. BENSON and CO. are authorized by the Swansea Harbour Trustees to offer upon the terms of the Prospectus dated 16th October, 1908, which is now being issued, and excerpts only from which appear in this advertisement, the above

£700,000 Four per Cent. ("A") Stock,

for Subscription, payable as follows:—

£5	0	0	per cent. on Application.
£18	10	0	per cent. on Allotment.
£25	0	0	per cent. on 1st February, 1909.
£25	0	0	per cent. on 1st March, 1909.
£25	0	0	per cent. on 1st May, 1909.
£98	10	0	per cent.

Payment in full may be made on Allotment under discount at the rate of £2½ per cent. per annum.

Interest payable Half-Yearly on 1st January and 1st July.

A FULL HALF-YEAR'S INTEREST (£2 per £100) WILL BE PAYABLE ON 1st JULY, 1909,

and a Coupon for the amount will be attached to the Scrip Certificates.

Interest on the Stock is not only made a charge on the Swansea Harbour Fund, but is made a debt, and therefore payable at all times out of capital as well as income. Interest, except so far as it is being met out of income arising from the new Works or land acquired for them, is now being paid out of capital, and it is proposed to continue this course during construction, and for any necessary period afterwards.

The Swansea Harbour Trustees are a public body of Harbour Commissioners originally appointed in 1791, by Act 31 Geo. III., cap. lxxxiii., for repairing, enlarging, and preserving the Harbour of Swansea. They are also Conservators of the River Tawe and parts of Swansea Bay, and the Pilotage and Lighthouse Authority of the District. They were incorporated by the provisions of the Swansea Harbour Act, 1854, with which are incorporated parts of the Commissioners' Clauses Act, 1847.

In addition to the New Dock and Works now nearing completion, the Swansea Harbour Estate consists of three Docks, River Frontage, 24 miles of Railways and Sidings, extensive Warehouses, and valuable Freehold and Leasehold land near the Docks, portions of which are used for Dry Docks, Patent Fuel Works, Flour and Provender Mills, Creosote Works, Fish Market, Ice Factory, Engineering Shops, Timber Yards, Saw Mills, &c.

The Great Western, Midland, London and North-Western, and Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway Companies have considerable frontage at the existing Docks for the shipment of coal; and the Trustees receive from the Great Western, Midland and Rhondda and Swansea Bay Companies fixed annual rents amounting in the aggregate to £15,970, payable as to part for nearly 1,000 years, and as to the remainder in perpetuity.

The following figures indicate the substantial development of the trade of Swansea Harbour during the last 30 years, at intervals of ten years, viz.:—

1877.	1887.	1897.	1907.	Increase in 1907 on 1897.
Net Registered Tonnage of Vessels—				
715,265	1,261,949	1,822,246	2,755,946	53 per cent.
Imports and Exports (Tons)—				
1,552,000	2,494,553	3,615,114	5,725,000	57 „ „
Gross Revenue—				
£54,229	£100,043	£137,714	£226,143	64 „ „
Net Revenue (after deducting expenses of Working, Maintenance, and Development)—				
£23,317	£56,297	£69,971	£112,235	97 „ „

The total Imports and Exports for each year from 1862 to 1907 are given in a leaflet accompanying the Prospectus.

The increase of trade for the first nine months of 1908 over the corresponding period of 1907 is 182,087 tons.

The first sod of the New Dock was cut by his Majesty the King in 1904.

The Act of 1901 contains provisions to the effect that the Corporation of Swansea shall, during a period of 10 years next after the opening of the Dock, or any portion thereof, guarantee any deficiency in the total income or revenue of the Trustees, after providing for all expenditure, including interest on capital, any sums so guaranteed and paid not to exceed £150,000, and that the trustees shall, during the ten years subsequent to the said period, repay to the corporation by yearly instalments the moneys which the Corporation shall have so guaranteed and paid with interest. Under the Act the Corporation also have, on the day on which the Dock, or any portion thereof, shall be opened, to pay the Trustees the sum of £50,000, upon payment of which a contingent liability to the Trustees, imposed on the Corporation in respect of certain abolished bridge tolls, will be extinguished.

The balance standing in the Trustees' accounts to the credit of Revenue account at the end of 1907 was £153,427, and the balance now stands at over £163,000.

Prints of the Acts of Parliament relating to the Trustees can be seen at the Harbour Offices, Swansea, or at the offices of Tamplin, Tayler, and Joseph, 165, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C., or Worthington, Evans, Dauney, and Co., 27, Nicholas Lane, London, E.C.

The said Prospectus, to which intending subscribers are referred, contains further information and particulars, including particulars of the monies hitherto borrowed by the Trustees, some of which have priority over the "A" stock. Applications will only be received on the terms of the Prospectus.

Prospectuses and application forms can be obtained of, and applications will be received by—

THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK, LIMITED (Bankers to the Trustees), 39, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches; or

METROPOLITAN BANK (OF ENGLAND AND WALES), LIMITED, 60, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., or any of its Branches; or,

MARTIN'S BANK, LIMITED, 68, Lombard Street, E.C., or any of its Branches; or

FREDK. J. BENSON & CO., 11 and 12, Blomfield Street, London, E.C.,; or

THE CLERK, Harbour Offices, Swansea.

Prospectuses and application forms may also be obtained on receipt of a telegram addressed to "Frebencate," London, or from the brokers—

LAURENCE, COHN, & GARDNER, 13, Copthall Court, London, E.C.

JOSEPH SEBAG & CO., 13, Copthall Court, London, E.C.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

No. 26.

FOR £700,000 SWANSEA HARBOUR 4% ("A") STOCK,

Representing the balance of £2,150,000, which by the Swansea Harbour Act, 1901, as amended by the Swansea Harbour Act, 1907, the Swansea Harbour Trustees are authorised to borrow.

PRICE OF ISSUE: £98 10s. per cent.

To the SWANSEA HARBOUR TRUSTEES.

GENTLEMEN.—I [we] hereby request you to allot to me [us] (a) £..... of the above-mentioned Stock, in terms of the Prospectus of the above issue dated October 16th, 1908, and I [we] hereby undertake to pay the instalments as they shall become due, on any allotment that may be made in respect of this Application, as provided by the said Prospectus.

The sum of £..... being the amount of the required deposit of £5 per cent. is enclosed herewith.

Name (in full) .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (in full) .....

Description .....

Signature .....

Date ..... 1908.

PLEASE WRITE DISTINCTLY.

TO BE RETAINED BY THE BANKERS.

(a) Applications for Stock must be for multiples of £10, but no application for less than £50 will be entertained. The Stock once registered will be transferable in multiples of £1.

WHITE CITY SCANDALS.

QUESTIONS FOR MR. KIRALFY.

We have had something to say in recent issues about Mr. Kiralfy and his management of the Franco-British Exhibition. We understand that it has now been decided to have another Exhibition of the kind next year in which Mr. Kiralfy will again be the moving spirit. It may therefore be useful if we add to our previous observations and inquiries some others relating to the management of the Franco-British show.

On various occasions Mr. Kiralfy has assured the public that he sought no financial profit from this great undertaking. In a recent speech he said that "neither he nor his supporters expected, or had ever expected, to receive a penny out of the venture." The Exhibition, says Mr. Kiralfy, has been his life's work, and he will be amply rewarded if it cements the good feeling existing between England and France. Now let us look at some of the facts.

In June, 1905, the Shepherd's Bush Improvements, Limited, was registered to take up an option on the present site of the Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. The Company has a capital of £50,000, of which £41,300 is paid up. It is all held by Mr. Kiralfy and his friends.

Posing as an international benefactor with a burning desire to cement the *entente cordiale*, it was not difficult for Mr. Kiralfy to obtain very influential support. The scheme was heartily taken up in both countries. The London Chamber of Commerce backed it; the French Ambassador supported it; the King gave it his approval; meetings in aid of it were held in the House of Commons, at the Mansion House, and at the Hotel de Ville in Paris. The Duke of Argyll became Honorary President; the Earl of Derby President. The Executive Committee was formed of leading public men, and Mr. Imre Kiralfy was unanimously chosen Commissioner-General (unpaid). The committee were quickly persuaded by Mr. Kiralfy that no better site could be chosen for the Exhibition than some brickfields and farm land at Shepherd's Bush, the lease of which, by the way, was held by the Shepherd's Bush Improvements, Limited. A guarantee of a quarter of a million was soon obtained, and there was no difficulty with the license.

So far all was plain sailing, and now for a few questions to Mr. Kiralfy:—

(1) Did the Committee know at the outset that Mr. Kiralfy and his friends were the owners of the lease of the land, and that at the end of the Exhibition they would be in Mr. Kiralfy's hands, and would be compelled either to pull down the buildings, or sell them to Mr. Kiralfy at a nominal figure?

(2) Was it fair to the guarantors that Mr. Kiralfy should be in the position of both buyer and seller, and that he should have to decide as Commissioner-General whether the buildings should be erected temporarily for the one year's use, when as director and the largest shareholder of the Shepherd's Bush Improvements, Ltd., it was to his interest to construct them of a permanent nature?

(3) Is it true that thousands of tons of steel and concrete were used in the construction of these buildings that would have been quite unnecessary if nothing had been thought of but the requirements of the Exhibition?

(4) Is it true that in April last, when the Committee sold lock, stock, and barrel, what had cost over one million pounds for £50,000 (or, if the purchase was deferred for twelve months, for £25,000), the Committee had no idea that the Shepherd's Bush Improvements, Ltd., was very largely Mr. Kiralfy himself?

(5) Is it true that a small company, named Exhibitions, Ltd., was formed, all the shares being held by the Kiralfy family; and that Mr. Kiralfy granted to this Company the best sites for the side shows?

(6) Is it true that Exhibitions, Ltd., owns the Flipflap, the Spiral Railway, Canadian Toboggan, Spider's Web, and the Swan Boats and Electric Launches?

(7) Is it true that the above shows only pay 25 per cent. of their gross receipts to the Franco-British Exhibition exchequer, whereas many other side shows (not owned by Mr. Kiralfy) have to pay 33 1-3 per cent., and some as high as 45 per cent.?

(8) Is it true that the concession for the boats—the most profitable of the side shows—was not offered to competition, and that Exhibitions, Ltd. (of which Mr. Kiralfy is the largest shareholder), paid nothing towards the cost of constructing the lake, or making the numerous landing stages necessary for the boats.

(9) Is it true that Mr. Kiralfy refused to admit various amusements to the Exhibition because, as he said, he wanted all novel attractions not previously shown in England? And, if so, how does he explain that out of the five attractions belonging to himself and friends, and named above, only the Flipflap has not before earned money in England for the benefit of the Kiralfy family?

(10) Is it true that in the simple operation of handing over the receipts of one of the most popular of the side shows not mentioned above, Exhibitions, Ltd., keeps 20 per cent. for itself, whilst handing over 25 per cent. to the Franco-British Exhibition; and that by this operation the Kiralfy family stand to benefit to the tune of £10,000 or £12,000?

(11) Is it possible that, in acting for the Franco-British Exhibition Committee, and at the same time being the legal advisers to Exhibitions, Ltd., Messrs. Slaughter and May never found themselves in a position of considerable difficulty?

We leave it to Mr. Kiralfy to reconcile the true answers to the questions we have submitted to him with his statement, frequently made, that "neither he nor his supporters expected or had ever expected to receive a penny out of the venture," *i.e.*, the Franco-British Exhibition.

LOTISICO.—THE FIRST DUTCH INSURANCE CO., LTD., Against risk in lotteries. Registered at Somerset House, August 26th, 1908. £10 Premium payable in full or on the "Times" system of monthly payments. Write for Prospectus: 46, Cannon Street, London, E.C. Agents wanted.

THE KEELEY CURE.

FOR DRINK AND DRUG HABITS.

Anyone who has a desire to free himself of these awful curses can do so by taking the Keeley Treatment, and will leave the Institute without the slightest crave or desire for either Alcohol or Drugs.

W. T. Stead writes in the *Review of Reviews*: "If I were to become a drunkard I should tell my friends I was going to take a month's holiday in the Keeley Institute, West Bolton Gardens, and rid my system of the last trace of the craving for alcohol; there is no doubt it can be done, nor does there seem to be any reason to fear failure."

The Keeley Treatment is always administered by regularly qualified physicians, who have made a special study of Inebriety. After carefully inquiring into the history of each patient, and making a thorough physical examination, they treat each case according to the condition of the patient. No matter how long-standing the addiction, or how much has been taken, the result is invariably the same, a cure.

No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

Patients are given the utmost freedom; there is absolutely no confinement, and, until the remedies render it unnecessary, they are allowed their usual amount of alcohol or drugs.

"IT REALLY CURES."

"It really cures. It does what it professes to do." Such is the emphatic testimony of Mr. Eardley-Wilmot, the well-known secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, who for some years has had the Keeley method under close observation in this country. He tells how case after case that had been considered hopeless has yielded speedily to the Keeley Cure, the patients returning to their work full of vigour, and happy in the restoration of all that makes life worth living.

We can show you hundreds of letters of gratitude from patients who have taken the treatment, and who are willing that their names should be given, or they will correspond direct with prospective patients.

Write us to-day and we will prove to you that this cure is an incontrovertible fact, approved by some of our most eminent men, among them the following: Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D.; the Right Hon. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu; H. W. Forster, Esq., M.P.; Vice-Admiral Woodward, C.B.; Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.; W. Hind-Smith, Esq.; and Eardley-Wilmot, Esq., R.N., Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society.

MORE THAN HALF A MILLION

have taken the treatment, among them 17,000 physicians. Does not this fact alone speak volumes? And twenty per cent. of our patients come through the recommendation of their family physician.

About one-third of the patients are ladies, all of whom have apartments outside the Institute, of their own selection.

The treatment takes four weeks for alcohol (for drugs five to six weeks), and is carried out in the United Kingdom at the Keeley Institute, 9, West Bolton Gardens, London, S.W., or by special arrangement we can either send physician to patient's own home—or to travel with him.—ADVT.

PEDLAR, POLICE, AND POTATOES.

THE END OF A TRAGEDY.

A fortnight ago we drew attention in these columns to the case of a man named William Edmundson, an Army pensioner, who was convicted before the Aldershot magistrates of stealing refuse out of the soldiers' swill tubs in barracks. The man pleaded that he and his wife and family were starving. He was fined £1 17s. 6d., or a month. A good deal of sympathy was shown for the man and amongst other letters we received at this office, one contained a donation of 2s., which we at once forwarded.

When Mrs. Edmundson acknowledged the receipt of our letter she stated that her husband was dead. Reviewing the whole facts as reported at the police court proceedings, and the allegations of the persecution of Edmundson by the Aldershot Military Police in letters received by us, we deemed it advisable to send a special representative to make enquiries on the spot. Here is his report:—

"Yes, it is quite true that William Edmundson is dead. I interviewed his widow, who, together with her four children, occupy two rooms in a slum Aldershot street. She is a poor, weak-looking woman, and has paralysis down the whole of her left side. The children I did not see, as she informed me they were out. The room was devoid of furniture, and the general surroundings miserable. Edmundson was formerly a sergeant in the Artillery. He reverted to corporal at his own request, and took his discharge with that rank and a pension of 1s. 3d. a day about five years ago.

"After leaving the Army he went to Colchester, and commenced hawking in barracks. All barrack hawkers must obtain a permit from the commanding officer. This Edmundson obtained. After hawking in barracks a matter of two years, he was met one evening by three sergeants of the 5th Lancers, out of barracks, and on account of some old grievance 'high' words were freely used. Words led to blows, Edmundson 'laying out' one of the sergeants on his back. For this Edmundson was summoned and fined 20s. and costs. His hawking permit into barracks was also taken away from him.

"He and his family managed to exist for some little time without it, and then the 5th Lancers were removed to Aldershot. Edmundson now made another attempt to get a barrack permit, but failed. He then decided to follow the 5th Lancers to Aldershot, so he and his family removed there, some three years ago. Once settled down in the soldiers' city, he set to work to get a permit to hawk to the troops on Government ground, but the sergeant of Lancers, who had reason to remember Edmundson, stepped in and prevented him getting it. Since then he has been summoned and convicted over twenty times for hawking on Government property without a permit, and each time he went to prison because he could not pay the fine. On the last occasion he was in prison three days only, when some gentleman paid the fine and he was released. This was on a Thursday. On the Saturday he was out hawking again on Ordnance Hill, and dropped down in a fit. He was carried home, and died a few hours later.

"I next interviewed the Relieving Officer for Aldershot, Mr. Benson, who corroborated the above statement.

"Several non-commissioned officers and men of the garrison I next interviewed, and without exception they all agreed that the military police had Edmundson 'set.' But perhaps the strange part of all this business from the civilians' point of view will be to know that none of these men were prepared to come forward and give such evidence. They each declared that if they did, the life they would have to lead afterwards would be 'hell.'

"Now we come to the broader issue to be gained from this case. All soldiers and some civilians also in Aldershot simply hate military policemen. The railway stations and the streets also abound with these tyrants, who, if they find a man in any way 'improperly dressed' promptly arrest him. I am credibly informed that they are responsible for at least 50 per cent. of the crime (so called) in the Army. Whether these policemen were responsible or not for the persecution of Edmundson can never be proved, because the men are afraid to give evidence, but one thing stands out perfectly clear, and that is, that the sooner the War Office clear them from our railway stations the better it will be both for the soldier and the Army."

Coughs

Are caused by Germs.

Germs in the throat or bronchial tubes cause the irritation. And the proper way to end it is to directly destroy those germs. Cough cures which, by opiates, merely drug the throat nerves have little curative effect.

Liquozone cures Coughs because it kills germs. It is not like other germicides, which are poisons when taken internally, but a harmless germicide which acts as a tonic. Liquozone is not a mixture of drugs. It is a scientific product, and the formula is printed on the label of every bottle. The treatment is both local and internal. The germs that cause coughs perish at its touch, because they are of vegetable origin.

Liquozone is now used almost the world over in the treatment of Coughs. Countless cured ones know from experience that it does what nothing else can do. Its effects are so certain and so immediate that we issue a certificate of guarantee which covers a two months' test at our financial risk.

Liquozone **A 2/3 BOTTLE FREE.**

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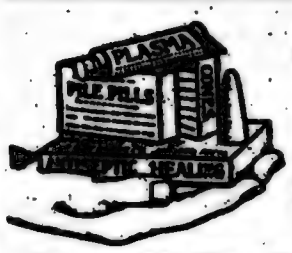

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DR. VAN VLECK (from Photo.)

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Oh! The Matinee Hat.

How is the problem of the matinée hat to get itself solved this winter, when the fashionable *chapeau* is of such "never-before-seen" dimensions? Many women look far from their best in small toques, and if a visit to the play is to be preceded by a luncheon or followed by a tea-party at which the best-beloved "he" is to be present, an unbecoming little toque might serve to destroy love's young dream! Now, to take off and put on a fashionable confection is a real solemn business, let alone the problem of what to do with it while it is away from its natural perch. In many theatres the stalls are too high to allow of a woman easily "making a lap" to hold her treasure, while if the hat be fastened by a pin to the back of the stall in front, its airy trimming gets dreadfully crushed when selfish brutes of the "mere man" species push their way out for their *entr'-acte* smoke. Besides, there is always the danger of sending the hat-pin right through the soft chair back into the shoulder-blades of the occupant of the front stall; this certainly provides fun for those around, but neither the victim nor the culprit enjoys it. Now, had not the managers of theatres best come to the rescue, and make it easy for us to "kindly remove our hats"? For one thing, could not they arrange some sort of a shelf under each seat to hold our millinery? and, secondly, will they see that there is a lavish show of mirrors on the walls, so that we do not have to trust to our guardian angel only for putting it on again at the correct angle? After all, there are very few women indeed who absolutely decline to consider the comfort of those seated behind them, so the difficulty of the dethroned hat is pretty widespread. In the democratic pit it is most rare to see a hat of any considerable size, either for day or evening shows; but well-to-do folk are perhaps a little inclined to be spoiled and petted into selfishness. Well, let managers do their part towards making the path of altruistic virtue as easy as possible.

How to Wear a Sash.

Even country cousins must realise by now that the sash is the hall-mark of the new winter toilettes. Coats; day dresses and evening dresses; gowns for adults and children alike—somehow or another the hanging ends must enter into the design. For evening wear the necessary sash is very often formed of some light flimsy material—tulle, chiffon, or net—a certain amount of weight and substance being given by a thick fringe at the ends. A simple gown for a young woman might be made thus:—Imagine a princess frock of pale corn-coloured silk-chiffon, slightly swathed down the front. Over each shoulder, and crossing in front under the bust, comes a folded silken scarf of palest blue; from the left side falls one long blue end, embroidered at the foot with gold. The tight sleeves and the tiny V left between the scarves at the bust are formed of cream lace, touched with glittering sequins. Mrs. Bull would look sweet in that dress! (That's not a hint, oh, dear no!) For demi-toilette a big bow at the point of a small V-shaped opening at the bust looks stylish if it has long fringed ends which fall almost to the knees, loosely knotted about the level of the waist. For the Directoire gown the sash is an absolute essential. Encircling the figure under the bust, its long ends may be arranged in a variety of ways. The most ordinary is to let them hang straight down by the left side, or they can be fixed to the skirt by a rosette about half way down, or they can cross over and be fastened on the right side; or, again, the two ends can come one from either side of the waist, and after being fixed in place on the hips, can meet in front, where they are loosely knotted and allowed to hang down the immediate front of the dress. A very striking white cloth gown had a rich black satin scarf flung over the right shoulder, where it hung to the waist, swaying loosely, its end gathered into a big jet tassel; the scarf crossed the back to the left hip, then passed over the front of the body, and was fixed on the right side some way above the knees, by a buckle-centred rosette, the tasselled end hanging thence almost to the hem. The gown was swathed, its yoke was lace, and there you have the entire *chic* costume.

Fashions in Footwear.

We are promised one really noteworthy departure from the commonplace during the winter months; that is, the revival of the old-fashioned simple little sandal, of the type worn by the heroines in Jane Austen's fascinating novels. It is to be almost entirely restricted to dances, and both shoemakers and professors of dancing assert that the absence of heels gives a grace and agility in almost every type of dance, particularly the waltz. The sandal will be fastened on to the foot by a band of fine elastic round the ankle, and to look really irresistible should be made of the same material—or at least the same colour—as the frock. For outdoor boots and shoes a good deal of white stitching is considered good form. Girls with limited dress allowances should be reminded that whatever they go without nothing is more imperatively necessary to possess than a pair of really strong stout boots and shoes for the wet winter days. Nothing can be more dangerous for women than wet feet and ankles, and when the streets are made up of mud and slosh, and no amount of care can prevent the trail of the skirt from getting distressfully wet, a boot of inferior quality does not suffice to prevent the damp penetrating. To economise on shoe-leather and spend the money on chiffon—well, the girl who does that is a stupid little idiot!

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Purveyors to H.M. King Edward VII.

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Pure, Wholesome and Beneficial.

"There is no mystery about "Cerebos Salt. It is simply salt to "which has been added a definite "proportion of phosphates. This "addition prevents the salt from "caking; and adds substances of dis-"tinct dietetic importance. Cerebos "Salt is, therefore, both a culinary "and dietetic improvement."

The Lancet, March 16, 1907.

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A Superior Relish of a very Distinctive, Piquant, and Appetizing Flavour.

Of purest fruits and condiments, Club Sauce is an appetizer appreciated by all connoisseurs. It imparts an enjoyable flavour to soups, cold meats, stews, etc., and besides stimulating the appetite aids digestion.

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If any difficulty in obtaining, send two stamps and name of nearest grocer and a sample bottle will be sent post free by G. & S. Bracknell (Dept. s), Holland Works, Brandon Rd., King's Cross, London

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BOVRIL

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Some Attractive Women.

Attractive femininity is unusually plentiful just now on the stages of London. Miss Ruth St. Denis (of whose charms and dancing I had something to say last week) is filling the Scala to repletion every evening with her "Indian" dances; and Miss Colonna is doing the same good service for the Hippodrome. The success of Miss St. Denis is only one more proof of the fallacy of labelling this, that, or the other place of entertainment "lucky" or "unlucky," and whispering that this theatre or that is "impossible" or "dead to the wide," as is the way of the Bluechin. People will go anywhere within reason and the 4-mile radius to see a show that they have been convinced by the Press or personal gossip is worth going to see: they will submit to inconvenience in the cause of amusement that they will put up with for no other purpose.

Touching the Scala.

The Scala has never had a chance. When it was opened with a fanfare of trumpets and a great deal of justifiable talk about its being "the most beautiful theatre in the world," a well-known comedian said to me: "What a fine pitch for a two-houses-a-night music hall, and that's what it will become—you mark my words!" Probably that is what it will come to soner or later, unless a live up-to-date theatrical manager takes it in hand and spends a few thousands in making its whereabouts and some novel attraction known to the playgoers of London. A fortune was piled up rapidly on this very spot, in a miserable theatre, something over a quarter of a century ago, when Charlotte Street was much more out of the way than it is to-day; and given the right goods there is no reason whatever why other fortunes should not be piled up there in the future. The district needs disinfecting, both physically and morally; but neither nasty smells nor Monsieur Alphonse Ponsonby and his lady friends will keep the public away from an entertainment that seems likely to entertain. Miss St. Denis has supplied a broad hint to the amusement caterers of the town. Pushed as cleverly as Maud Allan was at the outset, she would create an equal furore; and that she has enticed crowds to the Scala is full of significance.

Britta and Cissie.

Even though that most gifted and delightful of young ladies should be offended with me for a familiarity based on old association, I refuse absolutely to refer to Miss Cissie Loftus as "Cecilia." Cissie she was to the Londoner when she first invented or revived the art of mimicry, since practised more or less deftly by a whole regiment of pretty women at our halls and theatres: and Cissie she remains, despite the titular and other distinctions—matrimonial and artistic—conferred upon her by the American public and the American manager. Why an artiste like Miss Loftus should have stayed so long in the United States, whence artistes as a rule flee as from the Plague, so soon as they find out that they are really artistes, I cannot understand. Anyway, it is good to have her back, and to hear that she may stop here now that she is here, for several years. It is curious how some stage women retain the freshness and ingenuousness of youth. When Cissie was hardly more than a baby, she found that she was able to imitate all sorts and conditions of actors and actresses; and she proceeded to do so, and to earn large sums of money thereby. It all looked so simple; and therefore a lot of other young women began to try and do it. Some of them (like Alice Pierce) had a touch of genius, and succeeded in pleasing us, if not so individually and artistically as Cissie. Cissie must be seen. And so must Britta, the new Alhambra dancer. This little Danish girl is a notable addition to the beautiful sights of London. I believe that she will prove to be one of the greatest dancers we have ever had in English ballets. Finely trained already in the Danish capital, although still in her teens, obviously she has personality as well as technique.

The Ballet of the Future.

Although our English ballets derive from the Italian, they are finer nowadays than any ballets to be seen in Italy, or for that matter anywhere else. Much of their making and personnel is foreign, but they have developed certain English qualities and characteristics. Mr. Alfred Moul thinks they will become more distinct from the original type in the future, and that they will also be marked by forms of dancing other than those of the immediate past. "The skirt dance, the cake walk, and pirouetting all have had their day," he says; and he adds that "repose and refinement rather than a riot of colour and prodigality of display "will be the keynotes of the ballets that are to come. As a matter of fact, at the Empire these things have been the keynotes generally in the ballets for some years past; and that is why artistically some of the Empire ballets have been superior to the best of those at the Alhambra. I have long thought that both speech and song might with advantage be introduced into an entertainment cast largely in ballet form for music hall purposes. If this is attempted I hope that the task of supplying both the dialogue and the lyrics will be entrusted to men of letters rather than to the usual word-botchers who supply so much of the matter spoken and sung at our theatres. "The eye, the ear, and the mind require to be catered for at the same time," says Mr. Moul. Quite so! My dear Mr. Moul I beg of you, whatever you forget, do not forget "the mind." If you do forget it, the patrons of your Promenade may rise up as one lady to reprove you. Meanwhile, allow me to congratulate you on "Paquita," and especially on Britta. She is "It." P.

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3. Concerning Margin.
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5. Most suitable Securities for Speculation.
6. When to Buy and when to Sell.
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LONDON, W.C.

NEW RADIUM DISCOVERY.

IS IT THE LONG-LOOKED-FOR CANCER CURE?

ITS MAGICAL HEALING POWERS IN SKIN DISEASES.

We are on the eve of one of the most startling developments that has ever occurred in the history of Medical Science. It is a development directly resulting from the discovery of Radium—that mysterious mineral substance, that perpetual radiator of Light, Heat, and Energy, which scientific thinkers all over the world have unitedly hailed as one of the most wonderful revelations of Nature's secrets ever yet vouchsafed to the human race.

And in these days of the steady invasion of Women into the realms of Science, Art, Commerce, and public life (where hitherto the sterner sex has reigned supreme), it is interesting to note that it is solely due to the efforts of a genius-inspired woman—Madame Curie, Doctor of Science of Paris, and wife of the late Professor Pierre Curie, Professor of Physics at the University of Paris—that the whole world is indebted for the discovery of the wonder-compelling and experience-confounding Radium.

It is yet too early for us to state definitely what Radium precisely is, and what are the limits of its powers. Perhaps they have no limits. But this we do know, that in some mysterious way Nature has in this rare mineral concentrated Light, Health, and Energy-transmitting powers of the most wonderful character.

The very latest investigations of the great world-scientists—in particular of Professor Saubermann—have gone to prove conclusively that in Radium we have a curative agent of the most far-reaching value, especially in all disorders of the skin tissues.

Great Britain's leading scientists and physicists, including Sir William Ramsay, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others, are still exploring the unknown—but vast—possibilities of Radium in the service of mankind, whilst abroad other great men, with Professor Saubermann at their head, are devoting special study to the use of the mysterious Radium as a cure for that equally mysterious disease, the dread and malignant Cancer.

And Radium has already been found to cure it, as the following quotation from the *Daily Telegraph*, which marks an epoch-making advance in the healing art, shows:—

RADIUM AS A CANCER CURE.

"(*From our Special Correspondent.*)

"ST. PETERSBURG, Sunday.

"Well worth recording is the public declaration that Radium effectually cures cancer. The vouchers are Major-General Poehl and several physicians. General Poehl suffered from cancer on the lip, near the nose, and although an immediate operation was deemed imperative, the patient preferred to have recourse to Radium, obtaining a marked improvement after one week. Then followed a full month's rest, and five further applications, the result being a complete cure."

Beyond all question, Radium possesses an extraordinary power, the power of changing the character of human tissue

FROM BAD—TO GOOD.

That is to say, any tissue which is diseased or disorganised, as in the case of

Lupus,	Eczema,
Birth Marks,	Ulcers,
Psoriasis,	Wrinkles,
Shingles,	Scrofula,
Burns and Scalds,	Tumours,
Cancer,	Ringworm,
Sarcoma,	Boils, and all skin diseases

is in some mysterious way made to change its nature from abnormal to normal—from ill-health to good health—from imperfection to perfection.

A well-known French Professor has described this unique result of the application of a salve impregnated with "Radium" as "A hastening of the reparative process of the body."

Amongst the most remarkable results of the curative application of Radium, in the salve form discovered by Dr. Shower, is the removal of "birth marks," "port wine stains," &c.

We say "remarkable," because it has always been thought impossible to remove a birth mark or "port wine stain," that has formed part and parcel of the human structure from birth.

In some strange and subtle way, however, Radium re-builds the diseased or injured tissue upon healthy and normal lines, improves its character, and eliminates all unpleasing marks, stains, eruptions, scars, or wrinkles from any part of the body to which it is applied. In the removal of "wrinkles," "crow's-feet," or "puffiness" (as under the eyes) of the skin, Dr. Shower's "Radium Salve" fulfils a dual function, that of (1) resolving superfluous flesh; also that of (2) developing the growth of smooth skin in place of wrinkled skin.

It is intended to publish very shortly the results of a series of skin-healing and skin-altering experiments now being simultaneously conducted in Berlin, Paris, and London. It may be added that the whole of the scientific world is looking forward—with no little hope—to a practical realisation of the long-looked-for, but never yet attained, cure for Cancer as one of the crowning consequences of the discovery of the curative properties of Radium.

The supreme importance of this great discovery—so full as it is of ever-increasing possibilities of usefulness to man—justifies a far larger space than can be given to it to-day.

A pamphlet, however, will be published to-morrow, giving the latest information concerning "Radium," and in it are chapters especially dealing with its uses as a curative agent. As a curative salve for general use, it will, it is pleasing to be able to announce, be available to the public some time this week—perhaps to-morrow.

Dr. Shower's recently-discovered "Radium Salve" can be used by sufferers from any of the above-mentioned diseases, from the awful disfigurement of lupus to the less serious disfigurement of "wrinkles" and "crow's-feet." It is intended to supply this valuable "Radium Salve" in quantities sufficient for One, Two, or Three Months' Home Treatment. The prices for this preciously-impregnated remedy are to be low enough to bring it within reach of all.

As may be readily surmised, the control of this exceedingly precious metal—it costs to produce £340,000 sterling per lb.—is very strictly guarded.

A stock—worth many tens of thousands of pounds—is now safely guarded in London in the keeping of one of the best-known firms of manufacturing chemists—namely, The Cardinal Manufacturing Co., of Wilson Street, Finsbury, E.C.

For the use of the public, however, a much less "strong" form of Dr. Shower's salve is prepared. There is absolutely no danger with this. Just a tingling of the skin is felt. The tingling is most pleasant. The men in the London warehouse stated that they use it when they have headaches or toothaches, and that the "Salve" almost instantly relieves the pain.

We have already given a list of skin affections in which "Radium Salve" has proved its magical healing effect. The healing and penetrating "rays" of Dr. Shower's "Radium Salve" destroy all germs or bacteria, drive out all disease-allay all pain and inflammation, arrest all growths, and soothe, cure, and heal all blemishes, defects, and diseases of the skin, rendering it soft and clear, sweet and clean, and free from spot or blemish, scar or wrinkle.

NEVER FAILS TO REMOVE ECZEMA.

Indeed, directly it is applied to the affected spot, Dr. Shower's "Radium Salve", can be felt pleasantly tingling through the skin destroying disease and calling up supplies of fresh nourishing blood for the building up of the new tissue-cell and structures. Every application has a most magical effect on the skin. All poisonous substances are driven away. All wrinkles are smoothed out. The capillaries of the skin are flushed with an accelerated circulation of healthy blood. The skin becomes as white and smooth and rosy as that of a healthy child. Moreover, the cure is lasting, is not expensive, and can be carried out without any interference with daily routine.

This wonderful "Radium Salve"—which can now be used by anyone without the slightest risk—is fully described in the pamphlet already mentioned as now about to be published.

On page 43 of the pamphlet appears the remarkable statement that this Salve "never fails—it cannot"—in skin diseases which have hitherto baffled all the skill of medical science, meaning such diseases as eczema (acute, chronic, scaly, dry, moist, and gouty), acne, and scurvy.

Besides the ailments quoted as curable by Dr. Shower's "Radium Salve" there are many others described in this book, together with short non-technical descriptions as to how "Radium" acts, relieves, and cures.

It is known to be the desire of those interested in the development of the possibilities of Radium (as also its application as a curative agent) that as large a number of people as possible should read this book, and, if they suffer from any skin trouble or disorder of the tissues, should also use Dr. Shower's "Radium Salve" in order that the already well-proved results attendant on its use shall be still more strongly reinforced by means of new evidence and experience.

To-day, as described in the treatise on "Radium" now being published, Cancer has been marked down for its death. The Radium radiations, it is believed, destroy its malignant cells, and render them incapable of breeding or extending.

As indicating the interesting and informative nature of the

CONTENTS OF THE BOOK,

the following list will serve:

Introductory Letter from Professor Saubermann.
History of Radium.
Madame Curie's Discovery.
Radium and Disease.
Radium and Cancer.
Photo of Joachimsthal (showing the Radium mines).
What Led to the Discovery.
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Madame Curie's Brilliant Career.
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Remarkable Radium Ray photo taken with Dr. Shower's Radium Salve in the dark.
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Radium Cures Cancer.
Radium Cures Lupus.
Radium Salve and Eczema, and other skin diseases.
Cancer Disappears under Radium Treatment.
Madame Curie as Benefactress of the human race.
Scientists' Opinions of Radium:

Sir Wm. Ramsay	Prof. Lassar.	Dr. Neuisser.
Prof Darwin.	„ Hon. R. J. Strutt.	„ Wickham.
„ Aschkinass	Dr. O. Danlos.	„ Degrais.
„ Casperi.	„ Hampson.	„ Fournier.
„ Rutherford.	„ Kienbock.	„ Tizzoni.
„ Danyss.	„ Holzknecht.	„ Bongiovanni.
„ Winkler.	„ Scholtz.	„ Kassabian.
„ Perthes.	„ Himstedt.	„ Dieffenbach.
„ Exner.	„ Luksch.	„ Contre-Moulins.
„ Schiff.		

A copy of this remarkably interesting illustrated treatise may, as has already been stated, be obtained gratis, by applying by letter, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, to The Secretary (Dept. C), The Cardinal Manufacturing Co. (Ltd.), 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, Wilson Street, Finsbury, London, E.C.

No reader of this paper desirous of studying the wonders of "Radium"—how it is obtained—the extraordinary patience and skill required in its preparation—should neglect to send at once a stamp for postage of this newly-published book on "Radium." Copies of the first edition of 5,000 copies will be posted to applicants just as quickly as they are issued from the press.—[ADVT.]

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—
That John Bull has been "converted."
That Lloyd George now wears a red tie.
That the Admiralty is starting a Sinking Fund of its own.
That Bulgaria's Tirnova is capital.
That the Dairy Show was a milk and water affair.
That trade unionists are saying that Sir C. Furness is "hot stuff."
That they call them "immocistes" in Paris now.
That if Crete is not more discreet, Greece will be in the fire.
That the Nottingham unemployed "marchers" are a lacey lot.
That Canon Horsley is going on the variety platform.
That the U.S. Penny Post is to be known as the "Circular" Route.

An old man, recently dead, adorned his coffin with match boxes. Sulphur and Lucifer.

A man has had a needle removed from his heart. He had been suffering from a stitch in his side.

There is no truth in the rumour that the King told Mr. Harry Lauder that he would be a Laud-R.R.

At Mr. Churchill's marriage there should have been Suffragettes present to ring the wedding bells.

Self Help is said to be one of the Six Best Boys' Books. *The Burglar's Vade-Mecum* would be a good subtitle.

The Glasgow police have charged a mob of 3,000 persons. A serious charge.

A Lottery Circular: A wedding ring.

"It goes against the grain," observed the man of the tight boot that pressed his corn.

The man who went to sleep in a sand box in Uxbridge Road must have had plenty of grit.

"The ideal holiday book should partake more of the nature of a narcotic than a stimulant," says the *Gentlewoman*. We heartily recommend the latest fiction.

Mr. Victor Grayson says he won't allow Parliament to proceed with the Licensing Bill unless he is thrown out of the House. Why not throw out the Bill?

By the way, whilst Mr. Grayson was protesting that people outside the House had no food, the M.P.'s were engaged in passing a Bill to prevent their having any drink.

Tariff Reform motto for Trafalgar Day, "England expects that every man will pay his duty."

There is an increase in the number of women detectives. Will the lady "split" wear a Directoire skirt?

A heading is an evening contemporary: "The Autumn Leaves." To make room for Winter, we presume.

The Book War is ended. Bury the hatchet! Flourish the Club!

"Turkey Preparing for the Worst," we read. Wise bird. Christmas is coming.

We can't vouch for the truth of "spirit writings," but it is a fact that a good many dead men recorded votes at Newcastle.

We do not like condensed milk. We prefer the udder kind.

A Marathon race between the waiters of two big restaurants recently took place. Was it for steaks?

London ratepayers complain that they are over-rated. What modesty!

Autumn Suits by Post.

THINK of that, you men who desire to be well and comfortably dressed, but owing to the many claims on your income feel inclined to take advantage of a really respectable and honest system of Easy Terms. Do you know that at some places any sort of garment is thought good enough for the men who buy on Easy Terms? But that is not so here, because we feel that a man whose credit is good has the same right to a best-class suit as anyone else. We are here to give credit, and if you want credit we want you. Write for Autumn patterns immediately, and see how well we can please you with a beautifully cut and finished suit. N.B.—Say whether you want dark or light cloth patterns.

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BRANCHES & AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

LIPTONS TEA.

THE

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

"G. B.'s Bust," reads a *Star* heading. We are sorry, but we expected it.

There is no substantial difference between breaking up and breaking down.

Mr. Wilbur Wright intends to spend some time teaching Frenchmen how to fly. He has already caused a fluttering among the fairer sex.

"Bad cooking should be made sufficient grounds for divorce," says G. N. Terry. But marriage is already a joint affair.

"A man running after a hat is not half so ridiculous as a man running after a wife," says G. K. Chesterton. But both have a tile loose.

At Malinovo, Russia, two men have been lynched for horse-stealing. They got halters as well.

"Clothes must go," says the New York *Globe*. We shudder at the bare idea.

An architect has become bankrupt for three-quarters of a million. His designs proved a failure.

"We have to live in a provisional state," says H. G. Wells. True, we are all "Hunger Marchers," more or less.

"Is Liberalism alive?" asks the *Star*. No doubt, but it is the bye elections who are doing the kicking.

The Shaftesbury Theatre is to be "turned" into a music hall.

Frank Richardson says it is not an unpleasant occurrence to be fallen in love with at first sight. How does he know?

The proposal that elementary teachers shall be empowered to administer corporal punishment will probably "raise cane."

The managers of Great Leigh's school have decided that gardening be taught the boys. We hope there are good grounds for the experiment.

Judging by some of the blouses we have seen this summer, there are women who can bare anything.

The fact that there were thirteen horseshoes on a mill house near Ashford, which was burnt down recently, proves that one may have too much of a good thing.

"There's many a saint that would like to take a day off," says Gelett Burgess. But aren't saints always having holy-days?

A school for waiters is to be established in Paris. The students, of course, will be taught their tables.

A youth who offered a lion in the Paris Zoo a bun, got severely bitten. The animal could not swallow such an insult.

"Bricklayer and comedian," was the description of a man fined for street betting at Marylebone. A case of odd, odds, and hodd.

Hackenschmidt is stated to be practically deaf in his right ear. In that case, his right ear is now his left.

"The money of the State is our money," says George Calderon. A capital argument.

The Bishop of Manchester would like to see a mission to the rich inaugurated. The rich prefer an owe-mission.

Mr. Roland Bunting served as dentist to four Czars. A man of aristocratic extraction.

The well-groomed man, says the *Tailor and Cutter*, dresses quietly. We shall hear no more of "howling toffs."

Soldiers at Aldershot have narrowly escaped death by burning. They know now what it is to be under fire.

"Wife Sold for £5," we read. Dear, dear!

H. M. Hyndman says "it is childish to talk of me, Blatchford, and Quelch." But surely not if you put him first.

James Shearman, who served in the Indian Mutiny, has just got his pension. When he is a little older the War Office will consider the question of increase.

The *Morning Leader* compares Inspector Drew, who has left the "force," to Apollo changing the lyre for the lute. Drew knows a lot about both liars and loot.

The war fever in Servia might be described as a rash epidemic.

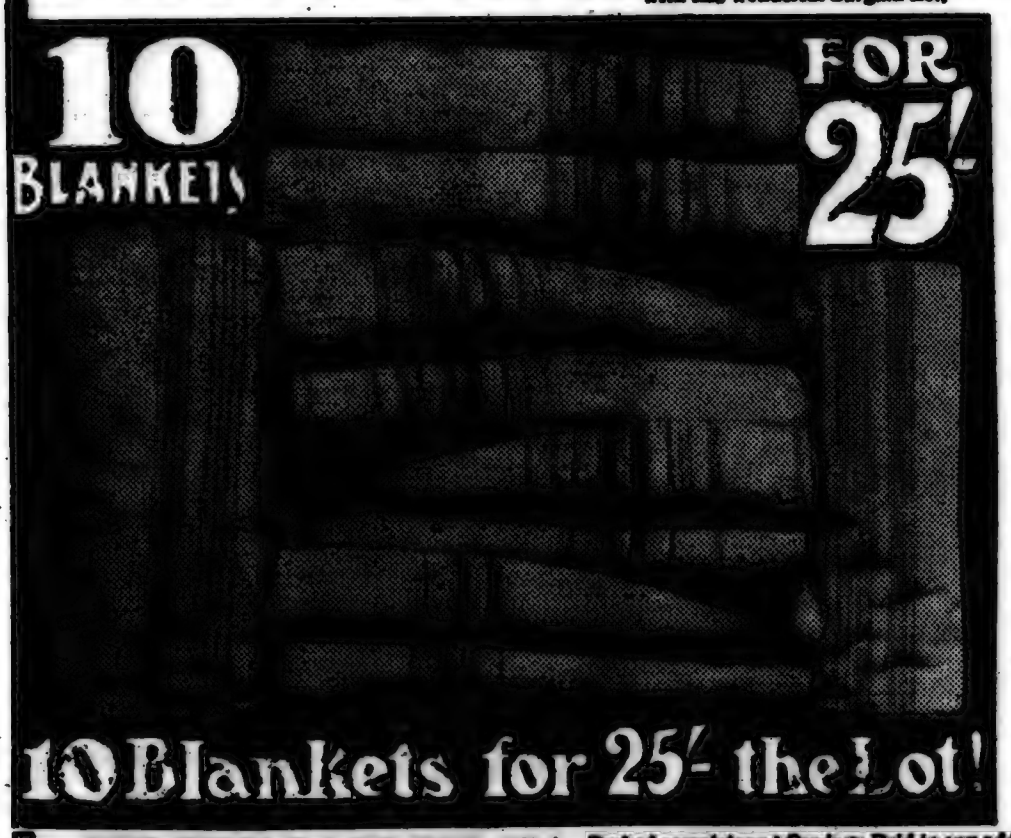
Wilbur Wright has described seven circles in air. He will be in the seventh heaven ere long.

"The Early Worm" contains many a good turn.

AMAZING OFFER OF **BLANKET BARGAINS.**

ANNUAL SALE OF SAMPLES.

We are clearing out some thousands of pairs of Sample Blankets at simply Giving-away Price—all Clean and Fresh Goods of superb quality. They are packed in Bales, containing the most useful and superior Blankets ready for instant despatch, and we refund your Money if you are not perfectly satisfied with this wonderful Bargain Lot.



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The LOT for 25/- Carriage Paid.

A Simply Astounding Bargain.
Almost Sensational in Character.

These are all Fine Quality, Perfect Goods, and not soiled in any way.

The contents of this Monster Sale of Splendid Blanket Samples are as follows:—

One Superb White WITNEY BLANKET, soft, warm, comfortable quality, 72 in. by 78 in.
One Splendid White WITNEY BLANKET, full size, pretty borders, warm and durable.
One Homespun BLANKET, natural shade, useful for under blankets, 54 in. by 74 in.
Two Soft, Warm, Fine Quality CRIB BLANKETS, pretty borders, very durable.
One Heavy, Warm, Good Wearing Natural BLANKET, with shaded borders, full size.
One Superb Quality White WITNEY BLANKET, thick, warm, finest quality, large size.
One Useful Coloured BLANKET, soft, warm, and comfortable, full size.
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THE WHOLE LOT FOR 25/- Packed complete and Carriage Paid to any address in the British Isles. Shipping Orders Carriage Paid to Port of Export and Shipped Cheapest possible route. Money instantly returned in full if you are not perfectly pleased with your Bargain. *WRITE AT ONCE, as this advertisement may not appear again.* *Our Complete Catalogue can be had post free per return.*

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

John Bull Six Per Cents.—Readers desirous of acquiring a proprietary interest in John Bull *are referred to the notice at end of our City article, on page* 411.

E. W. H. (Golder's Green).—We are puzzled by the inventor who employs broken French to advertise for a partner in the *Daily Telegraph*. Perhaps he was looking for one of the mugs who came over for the Exhibition.

Miss E. L. S. (Cambridge) sends us a cutting from the *Daily Telegraph*: "On Sunday, September 20, the wife of G. H. Roguiski of a daughter. Others please copy." Excellent advice!

E. L. F. N. (Dublin) has been to the Irish Village at Shepherd's Bush, and says it is unlike any village in Ireland, where "one never sees tidily kept front gardens or window-boxes." Nor, he adds, "is the red cloak worn by any girl save on a concert platform."

G. W. B. (Manchester) sends us half a dozen tins of blacking, and says he is the sole producer of haloes, but that his are for the feet, not the head. Hallo! "Sole" is good.

B. D. P. (Maida Vale).—It is quite a sign of the times for the *Daily Telegraph* to say that "children who are spending their holidays in London should take their parents to Hengler's Circus." No biscuits for childish jokes.

F. S. (South Shields) points out that Colley's father was snapshotted with a clean-shaven face seven years after his death. F. S. asks: "Do they shave in Heaven?" It would not be Heaven if face-moss were tolerated.

"Novcastrian" (Eltham) sends us a copy of the *Eltham and District Times*, containing a puff of Arnold and Butler, inserted in the guise of editorial matter, on August 14th.

F. W. (Dudley).—It was certainly a coincidence that the *Daily Chronicle* should give countless printers' errors in one column, and head the neighbouring column with the words "Revolution in Printing."

"Polar" (London, N.W.) points out that the *Daily Mirror* gave pictures of Don Alfonso wearing two different suits when leaving his hotel one morning. The whole question of photograph faking must be inquired into.

E. S. (Woodford).—We are giving "howlers" a rest.

W. H. (Worthing).—The United Jewellers of Manchester must not have your money. We *are* surprised to hear that, if we did not inscribe "politics without party" on our first page some people might think we were "a strong Liberal." We are sorry to hear that you agree with Jim Crow about Old Age, but are glad that you are still young yourself. Try to remain so, as we do.

F. M. (Birmingham).—The little misprint, to which you refer, was detected and altered after the first few copies had been printed.

"Fifer."—We try to avoid giving offence to our Scottish readers by refraining from the use of the word Scotchman, which they apparently dislike. But we were probably in a bad humour when we penned that postcard to Harry Lauder. Besides, he does dress up like a Scotchman rather than like a Scot. All the same, the adjective Scotch appears in Todd's edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, and Dr. Johnson himself wrote of "Scotch universities" in his "Journey to the Western Islands." Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary gives both Scotchman and Scotsman.

F. S. W. (Colchester).—We are commenting on the case.

A. H. C. (Limehouse).—See answer to F. S. W. (Colchester).

W. E. M. (Lee) has found a "Guide to Seaside and Country Apartments," which includes Highbury Quadrant. We are unable to say to which category it belongs.

E. M. G. L. (Grove Park) tells us how a friend of his innocently took a photograph of Folkestone pier, whereupon a stranger came and took his films away, and cross-examined him as to where he lived, how long he had been there, whether he was married, etc., etc. So it looks as though someone was on the look-out for spies after all.

R. N. (Neath).—Glad you like our open telegrams. Our German editor was away on his holiday, otherwise the misprint would not have been allowed to pass. Meanwhile we are shaving the printer's devil.

One of our correspondents having protested against some remarks made about Dublin by R. G. (Kildare), R. G. now writes to say that he is now happily no more of Kildare but of Sheffield. He says we are responsible for a threat against his life by "Biscotin," of Finchley. R. G. says "the name suggests that he had been made to swallow a whole tin of biscuits, and that they had not agreed with him." As to the cleanliness of Dublin, R. G. makes caustic reference to "the lovely sparkling river Whiffey, which runs through the city." He asks rather pointedly why, if Dublin is clean, Irishmen always allude to it as "dear dirty Dublin." He also wants to know why it should be left to a man of Finchley to defend the Irish capital. Finally, he expresses his perfect willingness to take "Biscotin" on with the gloves. All right, and Jim Crow will hold the bottle. We are always ready to get up fights between our correspondents. Queensberry rules, though.

"Chumba" (Herne Hill).—How *could* you know that the firm in question did not recommend you to a position? The fact that they went carefully into your references is surely not against them. Perhaps by this time they have found something satisfactory for you.

G. E. (Claverton Street) says he knows Mr. C. H. Stevens, and that he is not a quack or impostor, nor was he compelled to leave the Transvaal. We certainly made no imputations against the honourable gentleman.

"A Competitor" (Nottingham) and others complain about the *Answers* elephant competition. We are not surprised that no one solved the puzzle correctly. However, if they are giving away £1,000, we must be charitable enough to suppose that it is all right.

OPTIONS

Comparatively speaking the **British Public** has hitherto taken but little interest in that method of **operating on the Stock Exchange** known as Options, though for many years past it has been a highly favourite means with shrewd financiers generally, both on the Continent and in America.

Two great attractions loom out before all the remaining important advantages of Option Dealing. In the first place, the exact limit of liability is definitely known at the outset; in the second, temporary set-backs, passing panics, and unforeseen collapses may be disregarded, and viewed with equanimity by the operator.

CALL OPTIONS must commend themselves to all, as this system is safe, effective, and easy, and **big profits** may be earned with a **minimum cash outlay** and risk. Purchasers of Options in Home and American Rails at ruling prices will doubtless be congratulating themselves in the near future, and the present opportune moment should be utilised for immediate operations.

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SWAN CHAMBERS,
GREAT SWAN ALLEY, LONDON, E.C.

J. B. (London, E.C.).—Hard lines, and we have had a word with the magistrate.

J. B. (Glasgow).—"P." did not say that Pickard was a Scot, and he did correctly give his name. What is the matter?

B. L. (Harringay), D. M. (Gravesend), F. M. (Bayswater), C. S. L. (Homerton), F. F. B. (Westbourne Park), N. C. (London), and others.—Thanks for your appreciation of our remarks at the Bradlaugh dinner.

W. L. (Catford).—We had already made ourselves acquainted with Brother Prince's goings on at the old Agapemone. Many thanks, all the same!

F. F. B. (Westbourne Park).—Oh, yes; our representative has been in the Agapemone.

W. G. (Scarborough) considers our article *re* "Love and Lust" "most disgusting." So do we.

Rev. D. W. B. (Warrington) suggests a biscuit for ourselves for using the phrase "Happy are they who expecteth nothing." He points out that "expecteth" may be used only in the singular number. But sometimes we *are* somewhat singular.

A. R. E. (London).—If the cloud was coming from the east, it *would* be in the west—wouldn't it?

B. M. R. (Pontefract).—At present there are no "J.B. Pocket-books."

H. S. (Hull).—Perhaps we were too anxious to say a good word for the evangelist.

B. B. (Brondesbury) wishes to know what our religion consists of. We can only say, with Disraeli, that our religion is the religion of all sensible men, and, if asked further what that is, reply that sensible men never talk of their religion.

A. A. P. (Wimbledon), "CANTAB" (London), and A. S. R. (Langport).—It all comes of our Editor going for a holiday.

W. G. G. (Camberwell).—We are quite unable to advise you how to obtain the loan you require.

C. E. B. (Cleethorpes) and M. H. (Liverpool).—We have washed our hands of all these football competitions. They are invariably swindles.

H. E. H. (New Brompton).—There is nothing to prevent a registrar of births attending at the father's house—in fact, he is bound to do so upon payment of a shilling, if called upon—but, in this particular case, the report was unfounded.

I. C. U. (Cricklewood).—We have done with the "spirit photo." fake.

G. W. (Balham).—Surely there is a great distinction between mere thankfulness and attributing one's escape from a disaster, in which others have suffered, to the special intervention of Providence.

F. T. (Marylebone).—Do you remember how we described Arnold and Butler?

E. H. N. (Addiscombe) and others.—Much obliged for the correction *re* the Workmen's Compensation Act. It was an obvious slip of the pen.

F. G. W. (Putney), *apropos* our Agapemone disclosures, expresses the hope that "the Bulldog, having once fixed his teeth in the back of this plague-infested rat, will not relax his grip until something is heard to snap." He won't.

W. B. (Bury St. Edmunds).—We will see what can be done with Pigott. The other matter was mentioned in the House before the adjournment, when the Home Secretary officially discredited the Bishop's story.

"COMEDY" (London, W.C.) calls our attention to the old blasphemous "Theatrical Programme," which this time appears in the *Wood Green Sentinel*.

C. W. M. (Putney).—We have no binding cases at present.

H. G. (London) and others applaud the action of our Editor in so promptly scratching his Cesarewitch horse after its running in the Nottingham Handicap. Perhaps the brute will do better in the Cambridgeshire—but he will not carry any of our money.

A. N. S. (Dalston).—You really must excuse us from investigation of *London Opinion's* anagram scheme.

S. I. (Enfield), J. C. (Marble Arch), and others.—The "8" was simply a bad "3."

"ARCANUM" ("Down East").—No, we were not at the Hyde Park demonstration, but we expect it was neither more nor less genuine than other demonstrations. At any rate, we understand it did consist almost exclusively of grown-up men. Do you think it fair to make such sweeping charges as your letter contains without being able to verify them?

"SAILOR MUM" (Hull).—We note that you have your eye on Albert Shakesby, the "converted athlete"—to whom we were recently moved to address a complimentary letter. You see we so often have to say unkind things about "evangelists" that we jumped at the opportunity of making amends. We will be more careful in future.

V. G. (Leyton) takes up the cudgels on behalf of the Commercial Travellers' Schools—traversing most of the statements contained in the complaint we recently published — and suggests that we should pay a visit to the institution, when he feels sure that the Secretary would be pleased to show us round and give us full information. That is what we must do one of these fine days. We should be very sorry to do the schools an injustice.

W. K. (Cambridge) also suggests a visit to the schools.

MR. S. A. CRESWELL, the Hon. Secretary of the Reading and District Commercial Travellers' Association, sends us a printed copy of a letter from a former scholar, saying all sorts of nice things about the school.

H. F. (London).—We make it a rule never to give less than sixteen pages of reading matter, whilst occasionally the size of the paper is increased—when several more pages of editorial matter are included. We are waiting for the official account of the working of the Public Trustee's Department before saying more. We desire to give it a fair chance.

Miss L. R. (Lee).—Thanks for the very human document.

A. H. W. (Middelburg) sent £3 by registered letter to C. Davis (Pawnbroker, 26, Denmark Hill, S.E.), but can get no reply. Davis is a notorious rogue who practices the "second-hand" plated goods trick. We have exposed him several times, and advise A. H. W. to complain to the police.

"Electricity—the Road to Health."

SUCH IS THE TITLE OF A BOOK JUST PUBLISHED.

This interesting book, which is sent free to anyone asking for it, points out the road to happiness—health. It is a volume of eighty pages, which is brimful of the things the true lover of health likes to read. It will give them courage and enlighten them as to the cause and cure of their troubles. It will point out the pitfalls, and guide them safely to a future of strength and vitality. It is nicely illustrated, and tells how other people have suffered and how they have cured themselves. It gives the opinions of many noted physicians, and tells of their work. It is free, in a plain, sealed envelope, to all men and women who are interested in a true health-giver.

It is composed of six chapters. Part I. deals with the relation of health to happiness, gives a description of the famous "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Batteries, tells of what electricity is doing in the cure of disease, and concludes with the list of those diseases which readily yield to this wonderful, irresistible force.

Part II. treats of Nervous Troubles. An interesting discussion on the nervous system is given. Then follow the various Nervous complaints—Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance). It tells how each and every one of these complaints can be cured, and lots of medical evidence is given in support of it.

Part III.—This chapter is devoted to the various forms of Rheumatic Troubles. It gives the experiments and opinions of many celebrated physicians in their untiring efforts to find a cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Backache, and explains how a cure can be had for each that is certain and lasting.

Part IV.—The Stomach, Liver and Kidneys are here dealt with. Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa and Dysentery are described in detail. The opinions of such well-known medical men as Drs. Rockwell, Erb, de Watteville, Turner, Seidel, and many others are given. A means of permanent cure which has proved successful in hundreds of cases is also explained.

Part V.—Various complaints, such as those of the Bladder, Deafness, Asthma, Cramps, Eczema, Chilblain, Headache and Catarrh are described. Detailed experiments are given as to the peculiar and astonishing effect that electricity has on these troubles.

Part VI.—In this chapter only complaints peculiar to women are treated. Female complaints, Anæmia, and Hysteria, are exhaustively described. A host of eminent doctors' opinions are quoted. The abuses of electricity and the importance of health are also dealt with, and, lastly, a copy of the Certificate of Merit awarded by *Science Siftings* to the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Batteries, as well as the expert testimony of the well-known scientist, W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq. The Battery has also received some very favourable comments from the Editor of JOHN BULL.

The work is not only the most interesting, but the most valuable from a health point of view that has ever been published. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery is a scientific appliance that has done more for weak and ailing people than any remedy known. It is a "last-resort" treatment in the most obstinate cases. The peculiar construction of the battery, which enables it to generate a strong and continuous current with no charging whatever, makes it a convenient and pleasant treatment.

Every man or woman who is in any way ailing, who is weak or debilitated, etc., should not be without this book. A postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London E.C., will bring it at once. All advice is free [ADVT.

A Solicitor engaged in the Highgate cases upon which we recently commented writes us that our report conveys an entirely wrong impression of what took place, as it seems to suggest that the Chairman of the Bench refused to hear any evidence for the defence whatever. What really happened was that after a rather lengthy speech for the defence, no less than four or five witnesses were called, examined and cross-examined, as well as the defendant, and then it was that the Chairman made the suggestion complained of. The defendant's solicitor did not "meekly sit down," but called another witness, who, however, was not eventually heard, as his evidence was exactly the same as the others. Neither did the Bench fine the defendant in the off-hand way suggested, but deliberated in private for some time. He feels compelled to write, as the false inferences drawn from the report are that an injustice was wilfully committed by Sir Francis Cory-Wright, who is known to those who practise at Highgate to be a most fairminded, honourable, and painstaking magistrate, and also that the defendant's solicitor tamely submitted to this being done. In the second case referred to, Mr. Renton was also engaged on behalf of the cabman, who was quite willing to have the case adjourned, although he was the prosecutor. It must be remembered that Courts of Petty Sessions in the counties are not, as a rule, worked like the Metropolitan Police Courts, with their long list of crimes, and no one, whether he is a magistrate, advocate, or suitor, expects to attend much after mid-day, unless there is something of an exceptional nature to warrant a continuance of the sitting, and, in fact, so far as Highgate is concerned, it is seldom that a case is adjourned to another day.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

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The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

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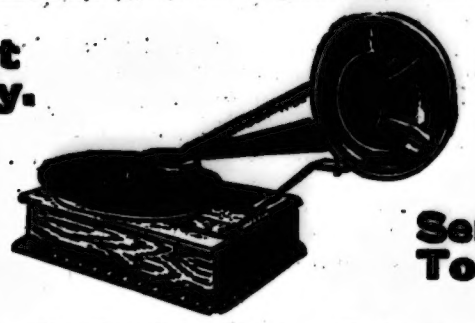

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SEE PAGE III. OF COVER.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

Outside Wagering Vetoed.

I am pleased to be able to have the official authority to say that in future no betting of any kind will be allowed except in the enclosures at Sandown Park. Exception may, in due course, be made at the Bank Holiday meeting—a long way ahead, and it will serve the purpose to enunciate that this edict will be carried out strictly at this week's gathering.

Blissful Ignorance.

A lot of people at Lingfield actually backed Kentoi in a 100 sov. selling race in the belief that he was Yentoi, the Cesarewitch winner. This is far from an uncommon practice among those who only slightly know racing, and not infrequently a good winner is found by a "small" speculator in the belief that he was supporting quite another animal.

A "Worker's" Belated Success.

Fiscal War in the Lingfield Nursery was the first successful animal which has come from Phil Chaloner's small stable for over three years, despite that energetic, capable trainer's earnest efforts. Chaloner trained both the sire, Joe Chamberlain, and the dam, Corunna, of Fiscal War, and being naturally prejudiced in favour of their progeny, bought Fiscal War out of a selling race at Derby. He has turned him to splendid account, and with more horses would win more races.

Prophetic.

Sandown has a big three days—of both classes of sport. It is obvious that Reality (or whichever Wootton runs), ridden by his son Stanley, will about win the Hermitage Handicap, more through experience in jockeyship than anything else; while Specifical is what is termed a "paper certainty" for the Park Selling Plate. I must plump for

Primer

in face of Llangwm for the Sandown Three-year-old Stakes. Even admitting the general belief that Llangwm is the best of his age, I do not believe that he can give 21 lbs. to the Duke of Portland's horse.

On Friday Crusader was obviously saved from Lingfield to have his usual chance in the Wheatsheaf Handicap.

Saturday's results depend upon the condition, rather than the ability, of the runners. We *do* know that the hurdle handicap competitors, Dafila, Kiljoy, and Cross Question *are* fit, but so is Carnegie, and as this is his proper game, I shall look to the Cesarewitch disappointment to gain Mr. Bottomley at least one of his usual popular successes on this date. Old Adansi, I hear, is also going in his best style again, but his usual companion, Cripplegate, will be an absentee till Kempton. Butter Ball will take a lot of beating in the Three Year Old Hurdle, and, as this is *their* meeting I shall advise following

Batho's Stable.

Prior to the next issue the Cambridgeshire will have been decided. I am not enamoured of Cocksure's prospects sufficiently to consider him a fair 3 to 1 chance. It is not a big anniversary of the race—in fact, even if the field is moderately numerous, the runners are a poorish lot. Moreover, I am naturally, and gladly, tied to my originally selected doubles, and still adhere to the opinion that either

Rhodora or Poor Boy

will win it, while Sir Archibald—a nice class three-year-old—is a danger.

TRADE NOTES.

The Gold Medal for quality in the Whisky Section of the Franco-British Exhibition, has been awarded to Mackie and Co.'s "White Horse Cellar" Whisky. This following on the Appointment by Royal Warrant to His Majesty last month, speaks for the quality of this old-established firm, who own the famous Lagavulin Distillery, as well as the Malt Mill and Craigellachie Distilleries.

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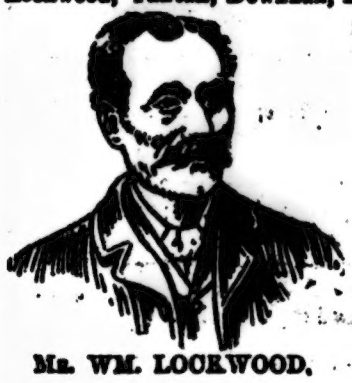

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The following claims have been received for issues of June 25th, August 22nd, 29th, September 5th and 12th:—

ALBERT FREEMAN, 16, Goldington Crescent, St. Pancras. (No. 114579—June 25th.)

A. HOLLIDAY, 5, B. Hermitage Place, Leith. (No. 112251—August 22nd.)

Mrs. ETHEL BEARPARK, 14, East Park Avenue, Hull. (No. 7561—August 29th.)

JOHN ROGERS, Embankment Road, Prince Rock, Plymouth. (No. 4502—September 5th.)

W. W. ROBSON, 4, Major Terrace, Felling-on-Tyne. (No. 33212—September 5th.)

Mrs. F. HATWOOD, 31, Yardley Street, Weston Park, Sheffield. (No. 122262—September 12th.)

J. T. BAKER, 79, Western Road, Hove. (No. 64672—September 12th.)

K. THEISS, 149, Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, N. (No. 70154—September 12th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of Sept. 19:—

913; 2592; 4188; 5635; 8662; 8850; 11410; 12455; 13814; 14259; 14353; 19410; 19541; 21419; 24446; 27334; 29142; 29540; 30856; 40405; 44601; 46144; 47505; 50450; 55038; 61443; 64532; 67915; 70771; 72547; 79153; 81364; 83344; 84688; 90047; 102556; 104376; 106182; 108745; 114073; 114517; 116389; 122170; 126066; 130238; 130819; 131389; 133897; 143478; 144852.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 26th (PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 20th).

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That will do to go on with. We will amplify the list from time to time.

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One of the PIANOS will be presented to the LADY READER and one to the GENTLEMAN READER who sends us in—between now and December 15th—the greatest number of coupons, as printed below and which will appear in each of our issues till then.

All the rest of the Prizes will be apportioned on a similar basis amongst those who fail to secure a Piano, and ALL OTHER READERS who send in coupons in the period just mentioned. The more coupons, the more valuable the prize.

A PRIZE COMMITTEE

Consisting of the Editor and six others will apportion the gifts—their decision is to be final:—

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, Esq., M.P. (Editor).
HERBERT VIVIAN, Esq.
J. S. ELIAS, Esq., Director and Manager of Scheme Limited,
And others to be subsequently announced.

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Readers desirous of retaining the benefit of the number on the Cover of any copy given away need simply copy such number on the back of the coupon sent in to us. There is no necessity, therefore, to cut the number out of the cover before sending or giving the copy away.

We cannot supply copies for distribution, in connection with this Scheme, as our printing presses are already heavily taxed, and it is essential that CURRENT ISSUES should be seen by PROSPECTIVE NEW READERS.

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For meaning of this number see Page iii. of Cover.